TIRES ACCESSORIES AUTOMOBILES TRUCKS GARAGES

NASH

OUR REPUTATION IS YOUR PROTECTION

Trade Mark Registered

Perhaps

A $1600 CAR IS STILL A LUXURY

BUT—IS IT FOR LESS THAN HALF THE PRICE?

In the possession of a second owner the practical worth of a good used NASH car represents unlimited value.

4 NASH
5 PASS. SEDANS
Medium Size
Cost New $1595
Now Each $695

'30 Buick 47 Sedan	$750
'30 Buick 48 Spl. Coupe	650
'30 Buick 48 Coupe	650
'31 Chevrolet Victoria	475
'30 Chevrolet Sedan	350
'29 Chevrolet Coupe	250
'30 Dodge DC 8 Coupe	595
'30 Dodge Sedan	450
'31 Essex Coach	475
'29 Essex Sedan	125
'31 Ford Victoria Coupe	375
'30 Ford Coupe	275
'29 Ford Roadster	150
'30 Graham Sedan	350
'29 Marmon 78 Victoria	475
'29 Packard 7-Pass. Sedan	750
'31 Plymouth Cabriolet	395
'30 Stude. Com. 8 Sed.	695
'30 Stude. Pres. 8 Sed.	725
'31 Willys Knight Sedan	425

Look over this list of

NASH CARS

Which made their original owners so well satisfied.

STANDARD 8

'32 5-Pass. Town Sedan	$750
'31 5-Pass. Town Sedan	695
'31 5-Pass. Conv. Sedan	695

STANDARD 6

'29 5-Pass. Sedan	$395
'31 5-Pass Sedan	595
'30 5-Pass. Brougham	495

SPECIAL 8

'31 5-Pass. Sedan	$895
'32 5-Pass. Sedan	995
'31 5-Pass. Town Sedan	850

SPECIAL 6

'29 5-Pass. Sedan	$525
'29 4-Pass. Conv. Coupe	495
'29 2-Door Sedan	295

ADVANCED 6

'29 7-Pass. Sedan	$550
'28 7 Pass. Sedan	225
'28 Ambassador	350

Your car accepted as part or ALL of first payment. Balance convenient terms.

IT COSTS no more to do business with a well-known house and costs . . . NOTHING TO LOOK

NASH NEW ENGLAND COMPANY
Used Car Dept. 630 Commonwealth Ave. Kenmore 1400-1406

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NEED MONEY?

A COMPLETE FINANCE SERVICE FOR NEW ENGLANDERS!

This is what you get—cash within 24 hours. Small monthly payments. Friendly and courteous treatment. Deal with the office nearest your home.

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BROCKTON OFFICE
196 MAIN ST., Olympia Bldg., 2nd Floor License 133 Brockton 2132

BROOKLINE OFFICE
269 HARVARD ST., Coolidge Cor. Bldg. Cor. Beacon St. License 160. Asp. 0085

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552 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., Pearl St. at Central Sq. License 71. Porter 2070

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445 BROADWAY Chamber of Commerce Bldg. License 195. Chel. 2266

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761 DUDLEY ST. Uphams Corner 2nd Floor. License 68. Columbia 5379

EVERETT OFFICE
471 BROADWAY Howard Bldg. 2nd Floor. License 197. Everett 2144

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110 PLEASANT ST. Rotary Bldg. 2nd Floor. License 107. Malden 3473

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313 WASHINGTON ST. Wash'g'n Bldg 2nd Fl. License 204 New. No. 5187

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1400 HANCOCK ST. Granite Trust Bldg. 2nd Floor. License 136. Pres. 0210

ROSLINDALE OFFICE
765 SOUTH ST. Sullivan Bldg. 2nd Fl. License 204. Parkway 6059

SOMERVILLE OFFICE
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A NEW MORRIS PLAN SERVICE

Loans made on household furniture with twenty months to pay. No co-makers or endorsers required. Special Insurance feature.

BOSTON MORRIS PLAN COMPANY
209 Washington Street
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License 62
Quincy, Roxbury and Cambridge

$50 TO $5000 ON FURNITURE
Only husband and wife need sign
Loans under $300 supervised by State
ALSO NOTE LOANS

BOSTON FINANCE CO.

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580 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE	LICENSE 190
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TELEPHONE LIBERTY 9360

AUTO AND FURNITURE LOANS
ON YOUR OWN SIGNATURE; COLLATERAL REMAINS IN YOUR POSSESSION.
GLOBE PLAN
Liberty 1369 431 Park Sq. Bldg.
LICENSE 142

Want Cash in a Hurry? **YOUR CAR IS SECURITY**

Cash Advanced. Balances Refinanced. Largest Company. Lower Rates. No ENDORSERS. Immediate. Confidential Service. Call, Phone or Write. License 139.

FIDELITY SECURITY CO.
227 PARK SQ. BLDG., HAN. 3915
Open Mon. and Thurs. Till 8 P. M.

NEED MONEY? FOR BILLS

Consolidate your debts and have one account to pay.

We loan money on Household Furniture or guaranteed note. Payments to suit your income. Call, write or phone

NEW ENGLAND
LICENSE 57
EQUITY CORP.
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LIBerty 1734

AUTO LOANS $50 to $5000
WHILE IN YOUR POSSESSION
We Also Refinance Cars
Loans Under $300 Supervised by State
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HOUSEHOLD FINANCE CORPORATION of Massachusetts. 4th floor Studio Bldg. Phone Lib 6275 License No 222

Furniture *Furniture*

FURNITURE BUYERS ATTENTION!

We are disposing of the balance of the **RAILROAD FURNITURE** stock consisting of

Very High Grade Living Room, Dining Room and Bedroom Suites. FORMERLY $225. NOW $69

4 Complete Rooms of Furniture. APPRAISED AT $750. NOW $295

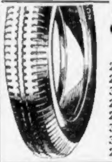
This is a great moment for newly weds—be on hand early, as stock is limited.

COLUMBIA FURNITURE & STORAGE CO.
598 COLUMBIA ROAD, at Upham's Corner
Plenty of parking space. Open 9:30 A. M. to 9 P. M.

NEW REDUCED PRICES
NOW YOU SAVE MORE THAN EVER AT FIELD'S

29x4.40-21 $3.25 | 29x4.50-20 $3.75

Pennsylvania Tires
ALL FIRST QUALITY



GUARANTEED 20,000 MILES
JUST LOOK AT THESE PRICES!

Size	Price	Size	Price
29x4.40	$3.25	30x5.25	$5.00
29x4.75	3.85	31x5.25	5.25
30x4.50	3.85	29x5.50	5.90
28x4.75	3.95	30x5.50	6.25
29x5.00	4.25	30x6.00	6.75
30x5.00	4.65	31x6.00	6.80
31x5.00	4.90	32x6.00	6.85
28x5.25	4.85	33x6.00	6.90

Guar. 12 Months
13 PLATE
HEAVY DUTY

$3.89 With Your Old Battery

Cromwell Balloon Tires
ALL FIRST QUALITY
Mfd. by Falls Rubber Co.

Size	Price	Size	Price
29x5.00	$3.60	29x5.50	$3.95
28x5.25	3.80	30x6.00	4.45
29x5.25	3.85	32x6.00	4.90

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100% Pure Paraffin
Genuine Eagle
Motor Oil

$1.95
A 5-GAL. SEALED CAN

Field's INC
1030 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON

ONE OWNER
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'31 Pierce Arrow Brougham, 800 miles	$1595
'31 LaSalle Town Sedan, 3000 miles	1295
'30 Packard Sedan	825
'30 Buick Sedan	594
'28 LaSalle Roadster	476
'31 Ford DeLuxe Roadster	315
'31 Ford Conv. Cab., 6 wire wheels	394
'30 Peerless Sedan	345
'30 Durant Sedan, 4 Speeds	297
'30 Willys 98A Sedan	245
'30 Ford Coupe	210
'30 Pontiac Coupe	199
'30 Hudson Coach	320
'29 Hudson Coach	220
'28 Studebaker Comm. Coach	225
Late Kissel Conv. Coupe	198
Late Packard Sedan	136
Late Essex Coach	88
'30 Dodge 1-Ton Truck, Ice & Coal	265

MANY OTHERS
FINANCE CORP.
457 Stuart St. COM. 0531

LOWEST PRICES TERMS

MONARCH MOTOR SALES INC — WILLYS KNIGHT & OLDSMOBILE

Weekly or Monthly Payments

For Bargains and Easy Terms, come here first before you go elsewhere.

Stutz 8 Sedan	$350
Chevrolet Spt. Cabriolet	295
Pontiac Big 6 Coach	295
Lincoln 7-Pass. Sedan	275
Elcar Spt. Sedan	275
'28 Packard 7-Pass. Sedan	245
Pontiac 2-Dr. Sedan	245
Durant 4-Dr. Sedan	225
'29 Chevrolet Coach	215
Whippet 4-Dr. Sedan	175
Buick Coupe	175
Chrysler 70 Spt. Rdstr.	175
Chrysler 70 Touring	150
Ford Spt. Coupe	145
Ford Tudor	145
Essex Coach	145
'27 Dodge De Luxe Sedan	95
Buick Std. Touring	85
Oakland 2-Dr. Sedan	85
Packard Victoria Coupe	75
Studebaker Big 6 Tour.	60

Many Others of Different Makes and Models
ALWAYS OPEN

192 BROADWAY
AT NORTHERN ARTERY
SOMERVILLE
SOMerset 2800

You're Invited 卐

to the largest spring sale of used cars in New England. Positively never undersold and a bona fide 90-day written warranty with every car. A few of our 200; weekly terms. Always open. Come now.

1926 Hudson Coach	$19
1928 Reo Sedan	29
1927 Hudson Coach	39
1926 Studebaker Sedan	49
1927 Flint Sedan	59
1927 Chevrolet Sedan	69
1928 Whippet Coach	79
1928 Chevrolet Coach	89
1929 Ford Coupe	99
1929 Pontiac Coupe	119
1930 Ford Tudor	225
1930 Ford Sport Roadster	195

200 Cars to select from.
Be sure and see these today.

AUTO WAREHOUSE
272 Washington St., Brighton
Tel. ALGonquin 9847

1931 CHEVROLET roadsters and sport roadsters; 1931 Ford sedans, 5 months old, 4000 miles; 1929 and '30 Ford sport coupes and cabriolets; 1929 Chevrolet sedans, coaches and cabriolets; 1930 Chevrolet coupes, coaches and sport roadsters; 1931 model Graham-Paige sedan; 1928 Chevrolet sedans, coupes and coaches; 1928 and '29 Pontiac sport coupes and coaches; 1929 model Hupmobile 8 sport sedan; '30 Chevrolet station wagon; '28 Essex sedans and coaches; '27 Nash adv. 6 sedan; '28 Chevrolet light delivery; 100 other different makes and models to choose from. All cars reconditioned and guaranteed. STANLEY HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., CHArlestown 0067.

1000 CARS AND TRUCKS
$25 TO $500
OPEN AIR SALES, 195--197--964 BROAD ST., LYNN. JACKSON 3830.

BUY NOW!

There never was better opportunity! The wise buyer knows that his dollar will buy more HERE than ever before. Our stock represents a choice selection of late model BUICKS and miscellaneous makes in various body types.

Prices $50 to $1000
EASY TERMS—OPEN EVENINGS
NEWTON BUICK CO.
371 WASHINGTON STREET
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3-Ton Model A-5 Rack

210" wheelbase with 14 ft. x7 ft. 4 in. rack side body; new dual tires on rear; overhauled and repainted. GUARANTEED. Terms — $400 down, balance monthly.

International Harvester Co.
61 North Beacon St., Boston
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1930 Willys-Knight 66B Sedan, 4-door. Luxurious model in perfect mechanical condition; just enough mileage used to run the motor in smoothly; a big price concession; ride it; open evenings. 570 Comm. Ave., KENmore 3910.

FOR UNPAID NOTES

NASH USED CAR DEPT. *Open Evenings* 630 COMM. AVE.

Dancing *Dancing*

"OUR REPUTATION IS YOUR PROTECTION"

OPEN FROM 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

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PROF. RITTER'S DANCING SCHOOL

BALLROOM DANCING GUARANTEED in 4 LESSONS

TAP DANCING Buck and Wing, Soft-Shoe, Eccentric, Musical Comedy, Rhythm.

TAP

177 TREMONT ST.-DEVONSHIRE 7330

Enrollment Offer Extended!

FREE

A COMPLETE ROUTINE OF ANY TYPE OF STAGE DANCING. MUSICAL COMEDY — EXHIBITION — TAP OR SNAKE HIPS—ALSO UNLIMITED LESSONS ON 400 — FRISCO — RUMBA — HESITATION WALTZ—FOX-TROT—REDUCING.

In the Theatrical District

SHUBERT SCHOOL
227 TREMONT ST. — DEV. 9245

16 LESSONS $5

BE POPULAR! LEARN TO DANCE THE FOX-TROT-WALTZ-"400"
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SCHOOL of
MODERN DANCING
Miss Fawcett-Miss Hoyt
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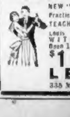
Improve Your Dancing



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Practice with 12 GIRL TEACHERS. Personal air. Louis Lerner. EVENINGS WITH ORCHESTRA
Open 10 A. M.-11:30 P. M.
$1
$1 PRIVATE LESSONS
BALLROOM—STAGE—TAP
LERNER'S
335 Mass. Ave.—Circle 9248

BE POPULAR:
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15 Private Lessons $5

All latest steps. Fox Trot. Waltz. "400," etc. Guaranteed to learn here ... and Reliable School. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

UPTOWN SCHOOL
(of Modern Dancing)
330 MASS AVE.
Next door to Spaulding's Restaurant
Tel. CIRcle 9068—For appointment
DISTINGUISH THE BEST FROM THE REST!
PUPILS RECOMMEND THEIR FRIENDS HERE

AVA STARR PRIVATE LESSONS $1
254 Hunt. Ave. Cir. 9491.

Noyes Buick

Man After Man Shakes Hands With Himself

When thrifty people purchase motor cars it is only natural that they should turn to a time-tried organization who serves well.

Visitors frequently say they were referred to us by a two or three-time buyer who was supremely confident that any selection would be wise.

They return to us again and again rejoicing in their shrewdness. That is as it should be.

"Let's talk it over"

Buick "8," 1931, 118" W. B. Sed.	$925
Franklin, 1929 "137" Sedan	790
Buick "8," 1931 Sed., 124" W. B.	1225
Studebaker "8," 1931 Pres. Sed.	1090
Buick "8," 1931 Sed., 132" W.B.	1375
Studebaker "8," 1931 Dic. Sedan	690
Buick, 1930 Sport Phaeton	860
Lincoln, 1928 Sedan	790
Buick "8," 1931 Coupe, 5 pass.	1375
Packard "8," 1929 Sedan	765
Buick, 1930 Sport Roadster	860
Hudson "8," 1930 Sedan	590
Buick, 1929 Sedan, 7-pass.	690
Cord, 1930 Sedan	1040
Buick, 1930 Sedan, 118" W. B.	725
Pontiac, 1929 Coach, Big 6 Ser.	290
Buick "8," 114" Sport Phaeton	765
Essex, 1931 Sport Coupe	440
Buick, 1930 Sport Phaeton	690
DeVaux, 1931 Sedan, 6 cyl.	535
Buick "8," 1931 Sedan, 7-pass.	1345
Essex, 1930 Sedan, Sport type	365
Buick, 1929 Brougham, 129" W. B.	590
Studebaker "8," 1930 Coupe, 4-pass.	615
Buick "8," 1931 Cpe., 118" W. B.	935
Chrysler "8," 1931 Sport Coupe	865
Buick, 1930 Sport Coupe	945
Franklin, 1929 Victoria Brghm.	790
Buick, 1929 Coach, model 6-20	490
Hudson, 1928 Sport Coupe, rumble	290
Buick, 1929 Sport Coupe	590
Peerless, 1928 Sedan	335
Buick, 1928 Sedan, 120" W. B.	385
Packard, 1928 Club Sedan	575
Ford, 1930 Sport Coupe, rumble	265

Open Evenings Except Saturday

859 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE STADIUM 3600

Clark-Crowley Motors, Inc.
32 BRIGHTON AVE., BOSTON

BOSTON'S LIVE WIRE **PONTIAC** DEALER "6" "8"

LOW PRICES

'29 Chevrolet Coupe	$195
'31 Chevrolet 2-Door Sedan	415
'28 Nash Cabriolet	115
'28 Chrysler 2 Sedan	110
'28 Willys Knight Sedan	195
'28 Buick Coupe, R. S.	215
'29 Pontiac Coach	285
'29 Pontiac Roadster, clean	250

Reasonable Terms. Open Evenings
STAdium 0781

6 REAL BARGAINS

'29 Chevrolet Sedan	$185
'28 Whippet Coupe, rumble seat	85
'28 Buick Sedan	290
'27 Buick Coupe	190
'28 Chandler Sedan	98
314 Cadillac Sedan	90

All these cars have brand new tires and are in A1 shape. Cash, terms or trade.

1077 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.
At Putnam Sq. Cambridge, Mass.

Autos Wanted
We pay spot cash. See us before selling.
1182 COMMONWEALTH AVE. TEL. REGENT 1191

$125 DOWN buys late '31 Ford Tudor. Driven only a little over 5000 miles. Car stored all Winter. has many extras. A bargain. MYEROW BROS. CO., 15 Berkeley St. Hancock 7365.

1931 FORD Cabriolet, perfect condition, $375; 1927 Buick coach, $175; both of these cars are guaranteed. Fred L. Lamkin, Jr., 1728 Mass. Ave., Cambridge; tel. University 3010.

ESSEX 4-DOOR SEDAN $100. Must dispose of this car at once. 24 Mass. Ave., opp. Tech, Cambridge.

CASH FOR YOUR CARS OR TRUCKS—281 Mystic Ave., Somerville PROspect 0055

Auction Sales

COLLATERAL LOAN CO.
75 Cornhill, Boston
144th Semi-Annual

AUCTION SALE

Unredeemed Pledges
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Etc.
April 12, 13, 14, 15
At 10 A. M. Sharp

A wonderful chance to buy Jewelry bargains. Public and Dealers invited. License 1.

Clothing

MEN ONLY

Just bought out large bankrupt stock of misfit clothing in New York. Suits, overcoats, topcoats, $4.95 and $6.95; plenty of blue ones; camel hair coats $8.95, tuxedos $7.95, coats and vests $2.65, pants $1.45, vests 45c, rain and trench coats $2.45; big assortment. Mail orders filled.

Goldman's Clothing Co.
4 Green St., Boston, next to Waldorf Lunch, and Bowdoin Sq.

MARK DOWN LIQUIDATION SALE
Men's $25-$35-$45 Topcoats, 1 and 2-Pant Suits $7.98—$9.75—$12.75—$14.75
STETSON CLOTHING CO.
75—WASHINGTON ST.—75
Open Every Evening Until 9 P. M.

ALL PANTS matched to any suit; doubles life of garments. White Flag Tailoring Co., 62 Summer St. Hancock 4174.

WHY PAY REPAIR BILLS ? ?

SAVE $ $ $

Let us take them off your hands! HOW? Just bring in that old undependable car on which you will probably have to outlay $50, $75 or $100 for repairs and tires, and still have the same old car.

We will take it in trade as part or ALL of the down payment towards a late model, dependable car in fine condition. The balance you may arrange in such small payments that you won't notice them. Why take chances when you and your family can ride in safety and comfort. Here are 3 selected specials for this week . . .

$395

Late Series 1930 Essex Coach; low mileage; 4 new tires; thousands of miles of good transportation at small cost. Terms—$155 down, balance $6.50 per week, "Money-Back" Guarantee.

$345

'31 Ford Coupe; looks and runs like new; tires, motor, finish, etc., perfect. Terms—$85 down (for your present car if of sufficient value)—balance $17 per month. "Money-Back" Guarantee.

$1195

Late Model Hudson Special Coupe; 6 wire wheels; 2-well fender equipment; cost new over $1300; driven 500 miles; new car guarantee and equipment.

75 Other Good Cars on the Same Easy Terms

"NO CASH DOWN" If Your Car Is In Fair Shape and Covers First Payment Balance Arranged—$6 to $8 Weekly

'27 Cadillac Con. Coupe	$295
'29 Marmon 78 Coupe	550
'29 Chrysler 75 Sedan	485
'32 Essex Cpe., 500 miles	595
'29 Olds Bus. Coupe	295
'28 Buick Sedan	275
'30 Buick 47 Sedan	645
'27 Nash Coupe	97
'27 Buick 2-Door Sed.	95
'30 Hudson 8 Stan. Sed.	595
'31 Ford Bus. Coupe	350
'30 Austin Coupe	145
'28 Reo Wolverine Cpe.	245
'29 Ford Roadster	150

REPOSSESSED CARS

Our Finance Dept. places these cars on sale for balance due only. Some real good buys—$25 to $245.

'29 Hudson 8 Conv. Cpe.	$495
'32 Hudson 8 Spec. Cpe.	1225
'31 Hudson 8 Coupe	695
'30 Essex Sedan	425
'31 Essex Coach	495
'30 Essex Coach	395
'29 Essex Coach	245
'31 Essex Town Sed.	550
'29 Hudson Brougham.	195
'27 Hudson Stan. Sed.	150

OUR "MONEY-BACK" GUARANTEE AND 7-DAY TRIAL ASSURE 100% PROTECTION FOR YOU

SHOP HERE AFTER HOURS—Open Every Evening Until 9

The HENLEY-KIMBALL CO., 650 Beacon St. KENmore 4010
AT KENMORE STATION

COME IN NOW AND SAVE MONEY

OAKLAND-PONTIAC Goodwill Used Cars

'29 Packard 6-40 De Luxe Phaeton, new tires, low mileage, direct from original owner	$845
'30 Buick 47 Sedan, 4-Door	695
'29 Essex Chall. Coach, new tires	235
'29 Pontiac Coach, Big "6"	245
'31 Oakland Conv. Cabriolet	595
'30 Oakland 8 Custom Sedan	495
'30 Oakland 8 Spt. Cpe., 6 w.w.	495
'30 Oakland 8 Sport Roadster	495
'29 Ford Sport Coupe	135
'30 Pontiac Sport Coupe, choice	395
'31 Pontiac Spt. Coupe, like new	545
'31 Pontiac Convertible Cabriolet	595
'29 "E" Pontiac Coach	145
'31 Chevrolet Sed., 6 w. wheels	445
'29 Oakland Landau All weather special	335
'30 Pontiac Coach "6" Series	370
'30 Ford Tudor Sedan	235
'31 Ford Roadster	265
'30 Ford Roadster	245
'27 Pierce-Arrow 80 Spt. Brghm	235
'29 Oakland Coupe, bargain	255
'29 Oakland 4-Door Sedan	335
'31 Pontiac Cust. Sed., 6 w. w.	595
'30 Pontiac Cust. Sed., very nice	450
'31 Durant Sedan, new	745
'29 Pontiac Big 6 Coupe	245
'27-28 Buick Coach, corker	75
'28 Reo 1-Ton Truck; rack body	95

MOTOR CAR CO. of N. E.
SALES, SUPER-SERVICE and PARTS DEPT. ALL IN MODERN BUILDING
850 Commonwealth Ave.
Corner of Amory St.,
Near Cottage Farm Bridge
REGENT 6460 Open Evenings

COME TO QUINCY FOR BARGAINS

1931 Chevrolet Sport Sedan; only run 8,000 miles; 6 wire wheels; runs and looks like new $475
1931 Chevrolet Coach, small mileage 110
1931 Chevrolet Dump Truck with Wood Power Hoist; brand new; will sell at a low price.
1931 Chevrolet Truck, 157 wheel base with rack body; very low mileage; will sell at low price.

WASHINGTON ST. GARAGE
218 Washington St., Quincy. President 7070

1930 Viking 5-Passenger De Luxe Sedan

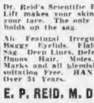
Low mileage. In perfect mechanical condition. Upholstery and finish just like new. Excellent tires. Fender wells and six wire wheels. Trunk on rear. Price only.... $665

General Motors Truck Co.
103 No. Beacon St.
STADIUM 2900

Lincoln Custom Brougham $200

6 Disk wheels, a beautiful car mechanically, finish inside and out; tires and accessories; has been in storage for 1 year and must sacrifice for quick sale. Call Needham 1221-J.

Dermatology



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Dr. Reid's Scientific Face Lift makes your skin fit your face. The only method that really holds up the sag.

All Featural Irregularities, Wrinkles, Baggy Eyelids, Flabby Throats, Face Sag, Deep Lines, Defective Noses, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Freckles, Birth Marks and all blemishes corrected. Consultation Free. HANcock 1389. Estab. Over 34 Years.

E. P. REID, M. D. 100 Boylston St., Boston, Rm. 828

Professional Services

RUPTURE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED

without steel springs, elastic belts or leg-straps. Our "COMMON-SENSE" TRUSS is EASY to wear and SURE to HOLD. For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN. POWERS & JOHNSON, 100 Boylston St., Boston, Room 809. Established 50 years.

MASSAGE

Will equip you to feel physically and mentally good. Tel. Nurse, Com. 8547.

MASSAGE Swedish, Graduate Posse-Nissen. Longwood 3398.

JOSEPHINE HANNA—Electric Baths, Showers, Massage, Exercise. 296 Boylston St. KEN. 5469.

MONDAY EVENING APRIL 11th 8 P.M.

USED CAR AUCTION SALE

COME EARLY

Cars will be on display all day Sunday and Monday — Come in and look them over—know what you're buying. 2-day trial and written guarantee with every car sold. Easy payments may be arranged.

Buy at Your Own Price On Your Own Terms

40 Cars

Many have been repossessed--clean, practically new, late models, all popular makes. Sedans, coaches, coupes, roadsters; all body styles. Cars will be sold to the highest bidder regardless of value. You can buy at your own price.

2085 MASS. AVE. CAMBRIDGE

HONEST VALUES-LOW PRICES

NEVER UNDERSOLD — NEW ARRIVALS DAILY

CARS SEEN TODAY
WE FINANCE OUR OWN NOTES

'28 Reo Fly. Cloud Coupe	$169.11	'31 Ford Coupe	$295.00
'28 Ford Roadster	94.00	'31 Ford Victoria	395.00
'29 Ford Roadster	169.20	'30 La Salle Town Sedan	1295.00
'28 Studebaker Com. Sedan	285.21	'31 Pontiac Coach	495.00
'28 Hudson Rdstr., like new	293.00	'29 Auburn Conv. Sedan	435.00
'28 Essex Chall. Coach	199.20	'28 Studebaker Sedan	165.00
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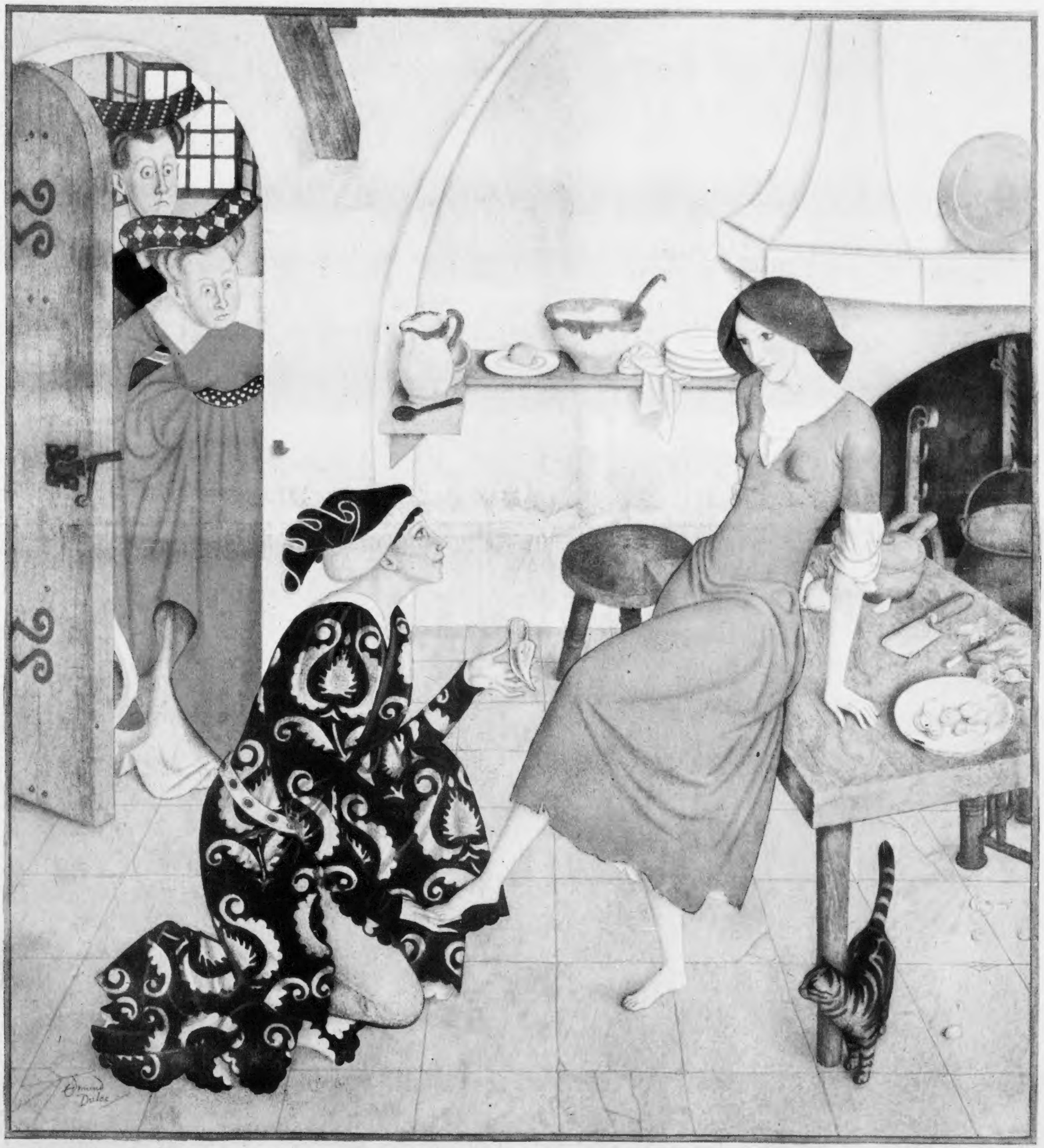
Sunday, April 10, 1932



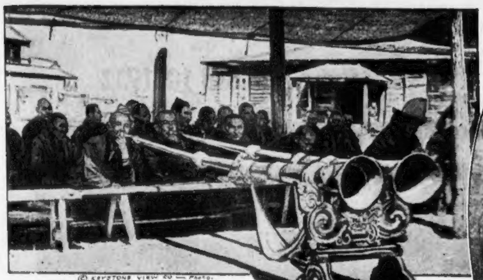
Enchanting Fairyland Lovers

By the Distinguished English Artist Edmund Dulac

CINDERELLA AND PRINCE CHARMING—

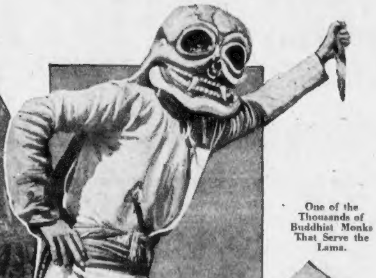
CINDERELLA had the daintiest little feet. Besides, she had good looks, a heart of gold, a cruel step-mother, two cruel step-sisters, a fairy god-mother, and a depressing life of household drudgery. One night Prince Charming, the King's son, gave a ball. Cinderella wanted to go, but had nothing to wear. She sat crying by the fire. Her fairy god-mother appeared, turned her rags into a beautiful dress, and gave her crystal slippers. Then she sent Cinderella off to the party, telling her she must leave before midnight. Cinderella went. The Prince fell in love with her. Just at midnight she ran off, dropping one of her slippers. The Prince went all over his kingdom trying it on attractive maidens. It didn't fit. At last he found Cinderella, and the slipper fitted. They were married. If all the writers and playwrights who since then have shamelessly but profitably rewritten the story of Cinderella could be placed head to foot in a line they would reach to the moon and back again.

Why the Obscure Mongolian Baby, Born at the Proper Minute, Is Worshipped as a God


© KEYSTONE VIEW CO — PHOTO.

The Strange, Ornamental and Weirdly Toned Ceremonial Horns Used at the Induction of a New Lama.

The Mongolian Baby, Born at the Hour of the Lama's Death, and Now Reigning as the Great White Lama.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Disguises Adopted by the Religious Performers. A Monstrous Mask, One of the Many Terrifying Pieces of Headgear Designed to Frighten Devils Away.

© KEYSTONE VIEW CO. — PHOTO.

One of the Thousands of Buddhist Monks That Serve the Lama.

THE head of the famous Usersky-Dazan Monastery, in Mongolia, is a two-year-old boy, who was born in the same hour that the former Holy Lama of the monastery died.

According to a time-honored legend, the soul of the "Great Immortal White Lama" is said to have entered at that time into the body of the little boy, who is now regarded as the reincarnation of the Lama, and is worshipped accordingly. Until the boy reaches the age of manhood, the affairs of the monastery are conducted by Bandito-Kambo-Lama, who is, in effect, regent of the monastery during the childhood of the real Lama.

The Soviet officials in Mongolia recently attempted to ban this ancient custom, but all their pronouncements failed to change the sacred status of the baby Lama.

It is a theory of the believers that the Lama never really dies. At the hour of his apparent death, somewhere in the section, a child is born. The child is merely the instrument whereby the soul of the holy one, having outlived its worn body, is enabled to have a new and fresh domicile. It is not a custom confined to this one monastery. In India, as well as Mongolia and other parts of the world where this religion is practiced, the death of a Lama is always the occasion for the transferring of his holy identity to a new-born child who is presumed to be the reincarnation of the late Lama.

Early in the craft of the Buddhist priests came this notion that Buddha's various divine attributes are reincarnated through the ages in human form. The tiny Lama at Usersky-Dazan is not unique. At Spitok, Ladakh, India, the Lama died not long ago, and the priests named a new born infant as his successor.

As he grew up he was forced to learn all the earthly knowledge that Buddha had in all his previous lives—a trying process for the average Mongol lad, who is by nature a playful and cheerful type. The only toy of the baby Lama is the demon-driving double drum, made of human brainpans.

The induction of a new Lama is accompanied by weird and splendid ceremonies. The most interesting of the ceremonies is the famous devil dance, a dance so unearthly and bloodthirsty that it is bound to strike terror into the heart of anybody seeing it for the first time. The dance is a dramatization of the history and teaching of the religion. It closely corresponds to the mystery dramas which played such an important part in the Christian religion in England and other European countries in the Middle Ages.

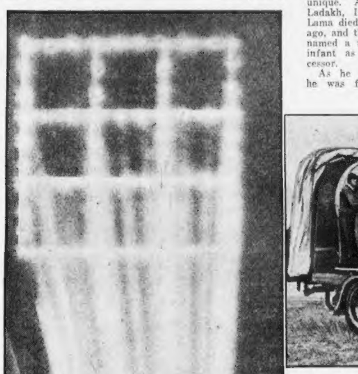
Every unearthly mask worn in the devil dance, every trumpet blast blown, every strange costume in which the participants appear, has some deep religious significance. But the origin of the dance dates back to such dim legendry that today even the wisest of the Lamas are unable to explain all the complicated symbolism.

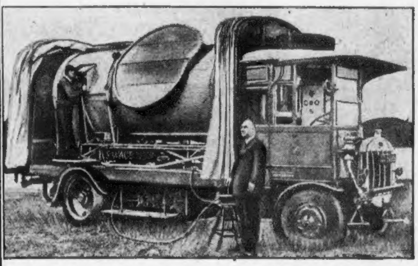
For days and days before the induction of the new Lama, the faithful come trooping from every direction to the place where it is to be held. All the pilgrims are in gay holiday attire and they make a colorful picture as they wind their way along the roads. In these throngs the priests far outnumber the laymen. The baby Lama himself, when he grows to man's estate, will have literally thousands of monks to support and serve him.

The priests fill the chief roles in the devil dance, which is the principal feature of the ceremonies. They are charged also with the important duty of driving out evil spirits from the sinners. In the dance there are masks and costumes to make the wearers look like crows, eagles, yaks, pigs, bulls and chimera never seen outside of nightmares. The "Lord Demon" wears a mask of snakes on his head, and a rosary of human hearts around the neck.

The great climax of the dance comes on the last day, when the high priest used to offer a human sacrifice. Nowadays effigies are used instead of human beings, but they are so lifelike that it makes a bloodcurdling picture when the high priest plunges his gleaming knife into the body.

Among the other strange figures that take place in the dance, are devils' wives, dressed all in black, with long black hair streaming down their backs; graveyard ghouls, dressed in tights upon which the bones of skeletons are painted in white on a red ground, and spirits from paradise, decorated with human skulls.


A Web of Light From Which Air Raiders Cannot Escape. This Picture Shows the "Grid" Projected by the New British Searchlight. When Enemy Planes Are Caught in This Pattern of Squares They Are Easy Targets for Anti-Aircraft Artillery.


The New Searchlight Is Mounted on a Truck and Is Able to Determine, by Means of the Light Pattern, the Height, Speed and Direction of Air Raiders.

New Foe of Air Raiders

ENGLAND learned, during the World War, that her navy can protect her from attack by sea, but that she is as vulnerable as any other country to assault from the air. That's why, though her statesmen are working hard to bring about a reduction of armament and promote peace, her military experts are constantly improving the country's air force and perfecting devices to combat possible invading squadrons of fighting planes.

The older generation of London still recalls with unpleasant emotions the shudders that came with every Zeppelin raid during the World War, when it became necessary to shroud the British Isles in darkness, broken only by the bursting bombs from the invaders' craft, and the almost useless searchlights operated by anti-aircraft gunners. Searchlights, however, have changed since then.

England's newest machine to help defend her against aerial attack is a huge searchlight mounted on a truck. It is the brightest and most far reaching light in the world. It is capable of throwing a brilliant beam more than three miles and of casting patterns which should make it easy for anti-aircraft guns to bring down any dirigible or plane that the light picks up.

The pictures on this page show the great reflector throwing a web of light and a pattern of squares which literally charts the skies for gunners on the ground.

Imagine a plane flying into this checkerboard, which can move faster than the speediest of pursuit planes, to say nothing of the more lumbering bombers. The anti-aircraft gunners, using shells that burst into white puffs of smoke, have a geometrical background to help them correct their range. With mathematical certainty they can check the location of their wasted shots in the squares of brilliant light and quickly compute the range necessary to make a direct hit and bring the marauder down.

Major J. C. Savage, the inventor of the new searchlight, is one of England's most daring and expert aviators. He is known all over the world for his skill at sky-writing. The mechanism that enables the powerful light to cast patterns in the sky is known only to him and two assistants who worked with him while he was building and testing the light.

It is said that the blinding beam is not projected from a single concave reflector, as in the case of the standard type of searchlight, but that it is made up of 300 parallel beams each sent into the sky from a separate and adjustable mirror. Many patterns can be cast by the light—circles, ovals and oblongs as well as squares, and all by simple adjustments by the operator.

Major Savage recently put his searchlight through its whole routine of tricks for a group of high officials in the war office and it is likely that several of the searchlights will be built especially for the anti-aircraft division of the British army, and that others will be installed at strategic points in London

The possibilities of the new beams reach into the peaceful pursuits of mankind also, and already have intrigued advertising agencies interested in using the sky over London on which to project their trade marks and advertising slogans. The inventor, however, does not take kindly to this idea, though he admits that a wide and popular use of the beams probably would result in still further improvements to the apparatus so valuable in time of war.

Buried His Ashes With His Dog

A FEW weeks ago a man and a woman made their way to the San Antonio (Texas) municipal garbage dump to perform the saddest and strangest burial service in the city's history.

The man—Henry Stone, city river inspector—stopped at a little mound of earth among the piles of smoking debris, and, with his hands, made a little trench across the top of the grave of a mongrel dog named Bully. In this trench he dumped ashes from a little tin box. These ashes were all that remained of a suicide by the name of A. J. Colford.

The woman—Miss Lorrayn Miller, of the county tax collector's office—mumbled the Lord's Prayer to a raucous obligato of yelps from the nearby dog pound.

Thus did A. J. Colford, a jobless, sick and discouraged man, get his dying desire to sleep in the grave of the homeless dog that had been his loyal friend during the last days when the man tried vainly to find a job.

Colford's body, a weight wired about his neck, was found in the bottom of a swimming pool. He was buried in San Jose burial park. The next day Miss Miller received a letter he had mailed just before he put an end to his miserable existence. The letter revealed the man's deep affection for the dog that had followed him around when he was seeking work and asked that he be cremated and his ashes scattered over Bully's grave in the city dump.

The pathetic story of the love of a broken man for a mongrel dog was, of course, published in the city's newspapers. Little Louine Theis was so touched by the story that she begged her father to mark the grave in some way.

Mr. Theis promised his daughter that her wish should be carried out and when the little white cross was set up Louine knelt down and laid a bouquet on the lowly resting place of A. J. Colford and his pal Bully. Since that day hundreds of San Antonio's citizens have gone to the city dump to pay their respects to the memory of two friends together in death as they were in lif

The Dog's Grave in San Antonio, Texas, on Which Were Scattered the Ashes of A. J. Colford, Who Drowned Himself Because He Couldn't Get a Job. The Photo of Colford Is Shown at the Top.

"I Shall Spatter with my Blood the Bridal Robe of my Rival"

Deserted Girl Makes Tragic Effort to Kill Her Lover on His Wedding Day; and Jilted Lovers Invade a Wedding Feast and Shoot Bride and Groom and Relatives

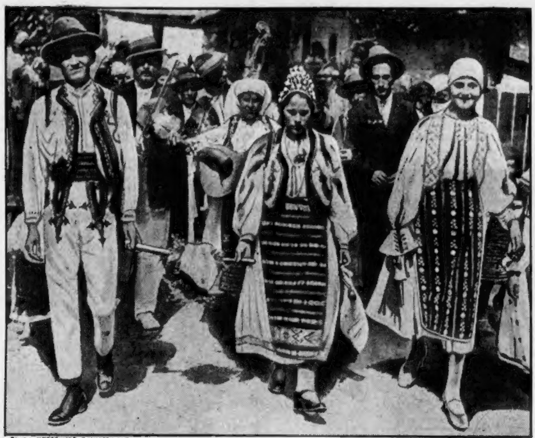


PHOTO UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD.

Wedding Procession in Rumanian National Costume, Showing Bridegroom With Bride in the Center and Maid-of-Honor Next. The Bridal Crown of Flowers Is Shown on the Head of the Bride.

M. Leon Dosne, the Bridegroom Who Was Shot by His Discarded Sweetheart.

Hiding Behind a Statue in the Entrance Hall, and Holding Her Child by the Hand, Paulette Watched the Man Who Had Deserted Her Approach at the Head of the Wedding Procession, With the Bride on His Arm. Suddenly Pistol Shots Rang Out and Paulette Emptied Four Chambers of Her Revolver at the Bridegroom Before She Was Seized.

The Town Hall of Clichy, Where the Shooting and Wedding Took Place.

Mlle. Paulette Thirion and Her Son Rene, Taken as They Led Her to a Cell in the Clichy Police Station.

Mlle. Paulette Thirion, Jilted Sweetheart of M. Dosne. From Photograph Taken Several Years Ago.

PARIS, April 2.

BANG! bang! bang!

The bride shrieked, the forty wedding guests, trooping gayly into the City Hall of Clichy, screamed:

"Assassin! Murderer!" and threw themselves on the floor.

The bridegroom, M. Leon Dosne, grasping at his shoulder and thigh, where bullets had hit him, spun around to see who was making a target of him. It proved to be a small brunette woman, who had just stepped from behind a statue with a pistol in one hand and a five-year-old child in the other.

The groom recognized the shooter as Mlle. Paulette Thirion, an old sweetheart whom he had jilted for the pretty 22-year-old blonde bride, Mlle. Simone Marie. Seeing that two of her bullets had taken effect Mlle. Thirion seemed to relent, lowered her pistol and appeared to be on the point of tears when her former lover spoke.

"Vache!" he sneered (You cow!). At this word, about the worst insult that the French language can offer a woman, Mlle. Thirion's eyes blazed again. Raising the pistol she fired a fourth shot which nipped a button from the groom's waistcoat. Taking more careful aim she was about to fire a fifth when MM. Pierrot and Mercier, employes of the City Hall, wrested the weapon from her.

Clichy, a suburb of Paris, is a hotbed of socialists, communists, anarchists and others who see red so that it is a dull week that the local gendarmes do not have to put down another "world revolution." The shots, therefore, brought a couple of these police in a hurry. Before dragging the woman away to the station they asked why she had wished to murder the man. Paulette pointed at the bride and sobbed:

"I only intended to spatter her white bridal robe with my blood. But when I saw how attentive he was to his new conquest I thought it would be but a poor joke on myself to stretch my body at their feet. I said to myself, 'No I will take his life first and then my own.'"

She accused him of having betrayed and deserted her, said that he was the father of the child, little Rene Leon, named after him. Among other items which she thought might interest the bride and guests as well as the police was that he had borrowed and spent the money she had saved for her trousseau, and there he was marrying another woman. When the aggrieved lady had run out of breath all eyes turned to M. Dosne, target of her words and bullets. What sort of answer would he make to all that?

"She's just a crazy cow," said the groom indifferently. "Let us proceed with the wedding."

At this Mlle. Thirion became frantic once more, struggling to get free and get at him again, but the police hustled her away. The statement that she had at first only planned suicide was borne out by a letter found in the same wrist bag that had carried her pistol. It read:

"I shall spatter with my blood the bridal robe of my rival. I have decided to destroy myself before the eyes of my lover, the day of his marriage. Your life will be poisoned by the vision which you will not be able to drive from your eyes, of my body at your feet. In no case do I want an autopsy performed on my body.

"How hard it is to hate the man one has fondly loved! The fire, but half extinguished, is quickly rekindled."

She ended on a note of love and would have forgiven him, but he called her "a cow."

As soon as the police had removed the prisoner from sight, the eyes of the forty guests rolled anxiously toward the bride. What would be the effect on her of these denunciations and the knowledge of that previous love? The bride and groom were in an argument, sure enough, but she was all tenderness and solicitude, insisting that her hero must go to the hospital first—the wedding and the forty guests, all dressed up, must wait.

As a compromise the blushing bride was allowed to lead the bleeding groom across the public square to a drug store where a doctor was called. He pulled a bullet from under the skin of the shoulder, dressed that wound and another on the thigh. While Dr. Lehman was patching up the holes in the groom's hide, the bride borrowed needle and thread and drew together the bullet holes in his coat and trousers.

All this took nearly half an hour, during which the guests doubted if there would really be any wedding after such a bad start in which the other woman had "given the groom away," which was even worse than shooting him. The question was whether the bride would continue to love him at all after such revelations. Much to their surprise the guests saw the couple returning, a picture of happiness, the groom limping slightly, but attentive as ever. The bride instead of being hurt, resentful and jealous, clung to his arm as if he were the only man in the world and she was afraid someone else might grab him.

The reasoning of a woman in love is hard to understand; even other women guess wrong. Paulette Thirion guessed wrong twice. As soon as she saw her rival and her lost lover looking into each other's eyes, she realized that suicide at their feet would be a mistake, but shooting him proved to be an even worse one. Instead of turning the blonde Simone against Leon for his fickleness it convinced her that this man must indeed be a treasure for a woman to attempt murder and suicide over him. Poor jilted Mlle. Thirion had made a live hero instead of a dead villain out of him.

This time the bridal couple and the forty guests reassembled at the point where Paulette's bullets had halted them and gaily marched to the chambers of the mayor's assistant, Monsieur le Regisseur Capelle. As the party drove away to the wedding feast, a thing unheard of in Clichy occurred. A large crowd had collected, and, probably for the first time in history, communists, socialists, anarchists and ordinary citizens united in cheering the same hero and there were no hisses or boos.

After the festivities in which Dosne denied that he was father of the child and convinced his adoring bride that his shooter was just an adventuress, they went on a two weeks' honeymoon while Paulette was in a prison cell awaiting trial for attempted murder and her child was taken to an orphan asylum.

"What a cow," Dosne had said, "to stand hardly six feet away and not be able to kill me in four shots."

When the police came to examine Paulette's pistol they were more inclined to wonder that she had been able to hit him at all. The weapon was an ancient make that had been discontinued some time before the war and the cartridges had lain in it collecting dirt and verdigris for more than twenty years. That it had fired every time she pulled the trigger was only less surprising than that the' bullets forced their way through the rust-clogged barrel. No wonder they did not go straight.

The groom admitted a ten-year association with Paulette, since she was nineteen, and that possibly at some time the girl might have gotten the impression that he was to marry her, but as to his being the father of little Leon, he had a signed statement by the child's mother that he was not. From her cell Paulette stated that Dosne had forced her to sign that document under threats of violence and that it was not true. So it is possible for anyone to believe either one, and fortunately the bride prefers to believe her husband.

A trusting, betrayed and deserted woman is always a pathetic figure. If father or brothers do not force the faithless man to "do the right thing by her" at the altar in what is known in America as a "shot-gun" marriage, and she herself does not "say it with bullets" as Paulette did, the law usually gives her "heart-balm" in the form of heavy damages which cut into the profits of her successful rival.

On the other hand, a jilted man has no standing in court and is supposed to be a good sport and send the girl who broke his heart a handsome wedding present. But in the little town of Jacica Nova, Rumania, the rejected suitors were such poor sports that they shot up the wedding party, murdering the woman they loved, their successful rival, the bride's parents and one of the guests who didn't get out of the line of fire quickly enough.

Elena Ukraina was the prettiest girl in the township, and also its wealthiest heiress, a combination of luck that has often been more than is good for one girl to have. For many months after Elena reached the marriageable age, all the young men of the vicinity turned longing eyes upon the wealthy beauty.

It was not long before the field of those who really had a chance was cut down to just six youths, sons of old aristocratic families which had been rich before the war, but now needed Elena's wealth to run their ancestral estates in the old style. These six suitors all feared, suspected and hated each other. As fast as one of them seemed to be gaining the affections of the lovely Elena the others combined to whisper in her ear poisonous things against the favorite. The scheme worked well, in fact so perfectly that in the end she decided none of them was any good, and one evil day the prize was won by a young stranger, Vassili Biliuski, a person of no particular importance whom they had hardly noticed in their eagerness to check-mate each other.

When the engagement was announced the six suitors were stunned. Three of them were so heartbroken that they left the country entirely and were reported to be drowning their sorrows in Paris. The other three remained, supposedly more resigned to their fate. But, as time went on, the three who remained stopped hating each other and drew together in their common grief. They actually formed an association called "The Club of Elena's Former Suitors," which flattered the bride and even the groom, to think that there should be such a fuss over the girl he had won.

The three who had remained and formed the club invited the three Paris mourners to join and return to Rumania with a view to avenging their loss. But the three absentees were too busy with their liquor and could not be bothered. Meanwhile the three who had stayed home and sober had begun writing the lady they had loved and lost letters that were at first sorrowful, then critical and finally threatening. These worried the groom a little, but the bride told him that they were "just peevish compliments" proving how much they loved her and how glad he ought to be to have won her. Her reply was to invite the three to the wedding and supper afterward, and to the groom's surprise they accepted.

The grand church wedding went off without a hitch, much to the groom's relief, and he was still more pleased to find three empty chairs at the supper instead of the three threateners. The bride was just reading some of their letters to amuse the guests when the door was flung open and the authors of them burst in. The bride arose with a nervous laugh and pointed to the empty seats. Without a word three carbines flew to the shoulders of the intruders, three shots sounded and the bride fell dying. Before anyone could make a move they turned their fire on the groom, who fell mortally wounded beside his bride. Another volley and over them pitched the bodies of the bride's parents and of a guest who dodged the wrong way.

Having made sure that their work was thoroughly done, one of the murderers tore from the dying girl's head the bridal crown, always part of the Rumanian bridal costumes, stuck it on his carbine, crying, "We are avenged," and fled with the others. The flight had evidently been well planned beforehand, because the authorities found no trace of them and are not sure whether they are still hiding in Rumania or have gotten across the border on false passports and are now in some far distant country.

For Love of a Dancer, Maharajah Becomes Slave, Diplomat a Musician, and Artist a Monk

Florence Kolinsky in One of the Dances Which Captivated Audiences at the Casino de Paris.

PARIS.

THE glamorous Gaby Deslys, who numbered kings, generals and millionaires in her entourage of admirers, probably would be green with envy—if she were alive today—at a dancer billed simply as "Miss Florence." For this young artiste, appearing nightly in a revue on the Champs-Elysees, has a face and a form and a serpentine grace which drives some men to inspiration and others to desperation.

Already "Miss Florence," who started on her rise to fame dancing on the floor of an Atlantic City pier for a mere $25 a week and whose full name is Florence Kolinsky, has enslaved a Maharajah, sent a celebrated Russian artist to the loneliness of a monastery cell and inspired an Austrian diplomat to neglect his portfolio while he composes melodic impressions of her dancing.

But if Florence Kolinsky has the power of the late Gaby Delys to bring men fawning at her feet, she lacks the temperament to enslave them, or even to take their humble homage seriously.

"It is pleasant to be admired," says the dancer, "but I have only two loves—my art and my silly little poodle, whose name is 'Tootsy.' I can't help it if Indian princes persist in sending me flowers and notes in which they offer to be my slave. What could I possibly do with a slave, if I had one?"

The Indian prince is none other than the immensely rich and powerful Maharajah of Kapurthala, to whom Miss Florence was once reported engaged in European and American newspapers. The dancer promptly denied that she and the bejeweled poobah were anything more than acquaintances, but the prince's only complaint at the rumor was that some papers had published very poor pictures of him in connection with the stories.

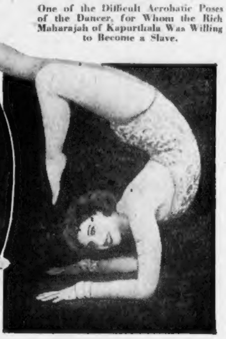
A secretary of the Austrain embassy in Paris nearly lost his important post because, after witnessing, in pop-eyed fascination, Miss Kolinsky's exciting "dance of the serpent," he rushed back to his quarters and fell to work on a musical composition which would express his inflamed conception of her sensuous grace. He worked on the thing for a month and was roundly censured by his superiors before he finally sent his composition, with an extravagant personal note, to the dancer's dressing room.

The diplomat had an easy time of it, however, compared to the celebrated Russian artist, Alexander Rezusky, who fell madly in love with Miss Florence while he was doing a drawing of her scantily draped beauty. The diplomat wrote some of his fascinations out of his system, but the artist found himself more enamored with his model at every stroke of the pen.

When the dancer found she could not convince Rezusky that his ardor struck no spark in her heart and took herself off to the Riviera to give him time to cool off, he renounced his art and the world to become a monk.

Julio Alvarez, Miss Florence's handsome Mexican dancing partner, is the only man who spends much time in her company, and he seldom sees her except during the performances which have made them both famous and prosperous.

"More than anyone, I can understand why men make fools of themselves over her," said this dark caballero, a little sadly, "but we—I mean they—all are wasting their time. Miss Florence's heart belongs to her dancing. She lives to dance. To express her emotions in motion. Her life is complete without romance. That is good for her no matter how hard it may be on others."



One of the Difficult Acrobatic Poses of the Dancer, for Whom the Rich Maharajah of Kapurthala Was Willing to Become a Slave.

The Leopard Dance, Which Moved an Admirer of the Dancer to Paint a Masterpiece.

Are Most Geniuses Crazy?

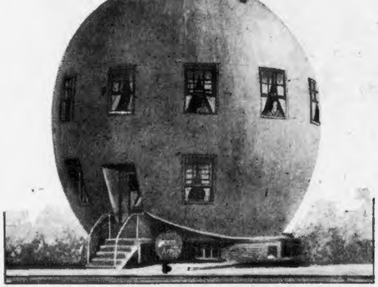
MANY students of the human race, in the mass and as individuals, have presumed to tell us what genius is. Among the various definitions of outstanding and seemingly inspired achievement are these oft-repeated statements: "Genius is one-tenth ability and nine-tenths hard work," and "Genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains."

If these definitions are right, then W. Lange-Eichbaum, the German writer who recently completed a book analyzing the lives and works of some 800 geniuses, has drawn a conclusion that will start a considerable furore. He does not say that all the world's exceptionally brilliant writers, artists, philosophers and composers were crazy, but he does maintain that few great geniuses of the past have been mentally healthy. In short, one of the ingredients of genius is insanity.

He mentions the celebrated painters Titian, Raphael and Rubens, and the composer Verdi, as rare examples of genius springing out of normal mental health. He finds, for each of these men, a dozen other brilliant thinkers and doers who were mentally unbalanced to a greater or less degree. Among the "crazy" geniuses he includes Kant, Copernicus, Faraday and Stendhal, all of whom became abnormal after finishing their most important works.

Beaudelaire, Donizetti, Hugo Wolff and many other exceptionally talented men, says the German writer, died of general paralysis of the insane. Even Newton, the great scientist who discovered the law of gravitation, went to his grave more than a little mad.

"Almost everywhere, and especially in the fields of imaginative writing, religion and music," writes Lange-Eichbaum, "gifted 'insanity' gains the victory over simple, healthy talent . . . This does not signify that genius is itself insane but that the mentally disordered person is more likely than the sane person to become famous."



The Interesting Wayside House, "The Big Red Apple," Near St. Joseph, Missouri, in the Heart of the Apple-Growing Country.

Hotel Is "Big Red Apple"

THE country's highways are dotted by hundreds of hot-dog stands and restaurants built in shapes intended to catch the eyes of customers in need of rest and refreshment. But nowhere else, from coast to coast, is there a wayside establishment quite like "The Big Red Apple," which has been a haven for thousands of tourists motoring through the apple-growing country near the city of St. Joseph, Missouri.

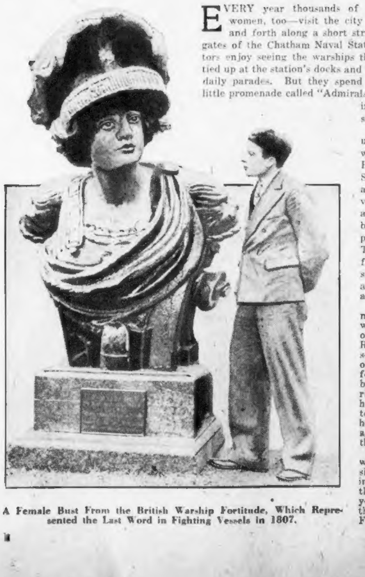
Obviously "The Big Red Apple" is an advertisement for the fruit grown in the hundreds of acres of orchard country in which it is set. But it is also a real hotel, built at a cost of $40,000 and equipped with every modern convenience for the comfort of travelers.

The spherical structure is 30 feet high and 100 feet in circumference. Its round dining room can accommodate as many as 100 people at one sitting. Its rooms, including several comfortably furnished rest rooms, are heated by steam during the colder months, lighted by electricity and equipped with hot and cold running water. Its up-to-date kitchen has electric refrigeration.

Around the odd hotel is a spacious and well-kept camping ground, where tourists may live in cottage-like camps or pitch their own tents. The grounds boast a completely equipped garage, where automobiles in need of repairs can be fixed while their owners rest.

The orchardmen in this section of the country say that "The Big Red Apple," aside from being a profitable hotel, has given their business a big boost, for almost every traveler who stops at the place goes away with at least a bag of apples and some of them buy whole boxes of the fruit. Others who do not have room in their cars to carry apples with them are given cards which they can use to order boxes or barrels of apples to be shipped to their homes.

Curious Old Figureheads Relics of England's Early Warships



A Female Bust From the British Warship Fortitude, Which Represented the Last Word in Fighting Vessels in 1807.

EVERY year thousands of Englishmen—and Englishwomen, too—visit the city of Chatham to stroll back and forth along a short stretch of sidewalk within the gates of the Chatham Naval Station. Of course, these visitors enjoy seeing the warships that are always to be found tied up at the station's docks and watching the sailors in their daily parades. But they spend most of their time on the little promenade called "Admirals' Walk," interestedly studying a dozen or more wooden sculptures.

These sculptures are figureheads from the wooden warships that made Great Britain the "Queen of the Seas" a century and more ago. Many of them saw service on ships that played an adventurous part in naval battles which are bright pages in England's history. They graced the prows of fighting craft commanded by some of the most illustrious admirals that ever set foot on a rolling quarter-deck.

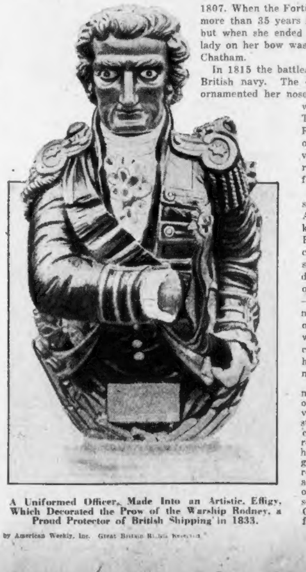
The carved wooden likeness of a uniformed officer which once adorned the bow of the first-class battleship Rodney, which was put in service in 1833, was set up on Admirals' Walk long before the Rodney was replaced by some more modern warrior of the seas. The figurehead was too delicately made to stand the buffeting of heavy seas and suffered damage on almost every voyage the Rodney made.

The female figurehead, which measures more than six feet, is perhaps the most interesting sculpture along the walk, because, for many years, it sailed the seas under the bowsprit of the battleship Fortitude, launched back in 1807. When the Fortitude was made over into a convict ship more than 35 years later the figurehead remained on her, but when she ended her days as a common coal barge the lady on her bow was given a permanent place of honor at Chatham.

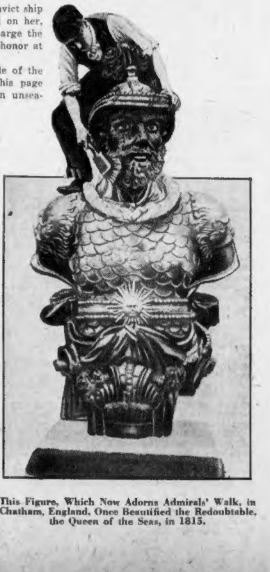
In 1815 the battleship Redoubtable was the pride of the British navy. The other figurehead shown on this page ornamented her nose until she was broken up, an unseaworthy old hulk, in 1841. This carving, like that on the Rodney, represented a naval officer with a love of adventure and action in the rugged lines of his wooden face.

A complete history of the ships which the figures along Admirals' Walk represent is kept in the archives of the British navy, and it is recorded that the seamen who sailed in these old war dogs invested the figureheads on their vessels with human—and sometimes superhuman—qualities. In the event of defeat in battle, a sailor would rush to the bow and cover the eyes of the figurehead so that he, or she, would not witness the disgrace.

The life-like prow ornaments which were to be seen on almost every good-sized vessel in the days before steamships replaced sailing craft, for much the same reason that the automobile has replaced the horse, are greatly prized as relics of a romantic era. Many British and American museums have one or more of these wooden sculptures which have made Chatham's Admirals' Walk famous.



A Uniformed Officer, Made Into an Artistic Effigy, Which Decorated the Prow of the Warship Rodney, a Proud Protector of British Shipping in 1833.

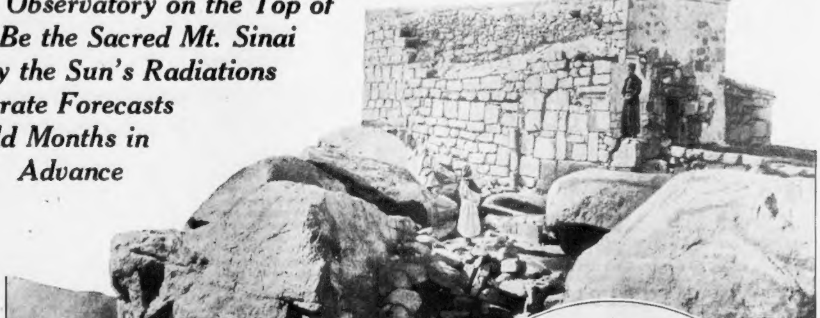


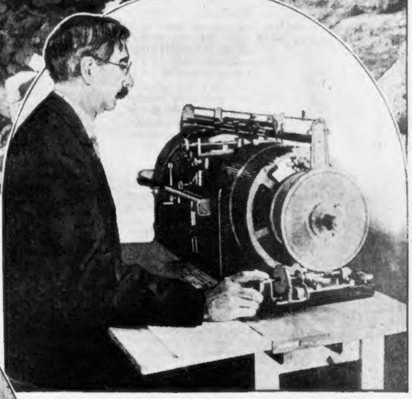
This Figure, Which Now Adorns Admirals' Walk, in Chatham, England, Once Beautified the Redoubtable, the Queen of the Seas, in 1815.

An American Weather Station Where Moses Got the 10 Commandments

Washington Scientists Plan an Observatory on the Top of Mt. Catherine, Supposed to Be the Sacred Mt. Sinai of the Old Testament, to Study the Sun's Radiations and Make Possible Accurate Forecasts for the Whole World Months in Advance

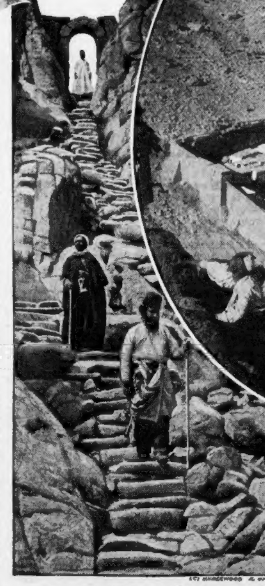
Moses' Descent from Mt. Sinai, Carrying the Ten Commandments, or Tablets of the Law. From Drawing by Dore.


Top of Mount St. Catherine—the Legendary Mt. Sinai, Showing the Little Chapel Which Is Supposed to Have Been Built on the Very Spot Where Moses Received the Ten Commandments from Jehovah—and Where Now a Weather Observatory for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington Will Be Built.


Dr. C. G. Abbot, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, With the "Brass Brain" Which Is Expected to Predict Weather Changes for Many Months to Come, and Which Will Be Installed Upon the Top of Holy Mt. Catherine.

(C) Underwood & Underwood N.Y.

The Convent of St. Catherine at Which Visitors to Mt. Sinai Must First Be "Cleansed of Their Sins" Before They Can Take the Monastery Route to the Top of the Holy Mountain.


(C) Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

A Section of the 3,000 Steps Which Lead Half Way Up to the Top of the Holy Mountain from the Monastery.

MOUNT CATHERINE, which some Biblical scholars say is the Mount Sinai where Moses received the Ten Commandments from the Lord, has been tentatively selected by the Smithsonian Institution for a solar observatory from which weather may be forecast many months in advance.

Mount Catherine is a desolate volcanic peak in the southern part of the Sinai Peninsula, which lies between Egypt and Palestine. Here it was that the Israelites under Moses wandered for forty years after the Exodus from Egypt. Its mines, from which precious stones were gathered before the First Egyptian Dynasty, 5,500 years ago, are believed to be the oldest in the world. And from Sinai came the first alphabet, the forerunner of all modern alphabets.

The Sinai Peninsula, too, may have given to Egypt and to the world the first copper known, thereby ushering in the Age of Metal. According to Professor C. H. Breasted, copper probably was discovered in Sinai about 6,000 years ago when some wandering Egyptian banked his fire with copper ore and in the morning found globules of pure copper reduced from the rocks.

Now this desolate strip of land which contributed so much to the dawn of civilization is to be the scene of a new scientific experiment—an attempt to predict weather conditions months in advance by exact measurements of solar radiation. For this work the purest atmosphere is necessary, dust in the air, mists and even high winds often altering the radiations so that precise measurements cannot be made.

Through years of observation, scientists know that solar radiation rises and falls through regular cycles. These radiations are known to have tremendous effect on the weather. When precise measurements determine the exact rise and fall of these cycles, scientists will be able, it is believed, to forecast hot or cold seasons, wet or dry periods, months and even years ahead. All over the world the Institution has tried to find a suitable place for the delicate observations required to measure accurately the solar radiations. The bleak coast of Chile, a volcanic peak in the Cape Verdi Islands and various South African mountains were investigated without finding the ideal purity of atmosphere.

The Smithsonian scientists are hopeful that exactly the right conditions will be found on the top of Mt. Catherine.

This is the highest peak in Sinai and for that reason is often declared to be the Mount Sinai where Moses received the law from the Lord. Other Biblical students, however, identify Gebel Musa, fifteen miles north of Mount Catherine, as the mountain where Moses received the sacred tables, or tablets, containing the Ten Commandments, and the other rules and regulations for the conduct of the Israelites, then on the way to the Promised Land from Egypt.

The Biblical Mount Sinai has never been positively identified by latter-day students; it might have been Mount Catherine, Gebel Musa, or any one of half a dozen other peaks in the Biblical Wilderness of Sin. Sin in this case does not mean iniquity. Sin was an ancient Sumerian word for the moon, and later became the title of the Babylonians' Moon-God. Perhaps the name was carried by nomadic Semitics across the desert to the peninsula, which now bears the same name, long before the coming of Moses and the Israelites.

Mount Catherins towers 8,540 feet above sea level. On its bare summit the Smithsonian Institution, if it finally selects the peak for its radiation observations, will install the most modern of scientific instruments, including a pyrheliometer and a "brass brain." The pyrheliometer measures the total radiation of the sun and the amount of sky light. The "brass brain," invented and constructed by Dr. Charles G. Abbot, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, puts together and correlates the data obtained by observations. It is the first step toward a mechanical weather forecaster.

The sun is a variable star. It does not shine steadily upon the earth with an unvarying delivery of light and heat. Why this should be nobody knows, though the reasonable supposition is that the great luminary is subject to intermittent outbursts of fiery energy. These outbursts apparently have periodicities, occurring in a rhythmic way.

Thus the amount of energy given out by the solar orb may vary as much as 2 per cent within a month. Inasmuch as the sun is the chief influence over our weather, study of these periodicities ought to make it practicable to forecast weather conditions on the earth months or even years in advance. Dr. Abbot believes that this will eventually be accomplished, but first it will be necessary to determine the law by which the periodicities are governed.

If the periodicities of solar activity could be reduced to a single rhythm, the problem would be a relatively simple one. But Dr. Abbot, who has had personal charge of the observations in question since they were begun, says that he has traced five different and distinct periodicities, each representing a rhythm in the sun's output of energy. These periodicities are, respectively, of sixty-eight months, forty-five months, twenty-five months, eleven months, and eight months.

Thus the problem is rendered exceedingly complex. Recording the periodicities by curves, each of the latter representing a rhythm, Dr. Abbot is trying to work out the law he seeks. It is a very laborious process, and to help in doing the work he has invented and constructed his "brass brain."

At a distance of 93,000,000 miles from the sun, the little globe which we inhabit receives only an infinitesimal fraction of the light and heat given out by the sun. What becomes of the rest of it nobody knows; it is presumably lost in the void of interstellar space. But it is this tiny fraction that makes our weather, influencing and controlling as it does all human activities.

On the earth there are recurring cycles of weather which likewise have their rhythms. But they have never been figured out to any useful purpose because, controlled as they are by the sun, their complexities have never been reduced to the terms of any governing law. Nor will that law ever be understood until the rhythms of solar activity have been worked out.

Dr. Abbot says that a study of our weather records during the last quarter of a century shows that our weather cycles correspond with remarkable closeness to cycles of solar activity during the same period. In other words, the weather records and the records of solar activity might be fairly well represented by the same curves—each curve, as above said, representing a rhythm. Solar cycles and terrestrial cycles strikingly agree, our weather from year to year and from decade to decade recurring in a pattern which reflects changes in the sun's output of energy.

Day by day the "brass brain" at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington continues at the business of analyzing data collected by observations of the sun. Also, it reduces to simplest possible figures the periodicities of weather on the earth, coordinating them with the solar records. The governing law sought by Dr. Abbot will, he is sure, eventually be found by working out the system of cycles, and, when this has been accomplished, it will be possible to predict with accuracy the weather for any length of time in advance.

The usefulness of such long-distance forecasts must be obvious. If fruit growers in Southern California and truck growers in New Jersey and the Carolinas can be warned in October that there will be a big freeze in the following January, the knowledge will be of great value to them. Certainty that a Winter will be mild or cold will be an immense help to the railroads, to shippers of perishable merchandise, to merchants everywhere, and to producers of coal. Such information, indeed, would be worth billions of dollars annually to our people.

During the past Winter we have had weather altogether abnormal. In the East it was extraordinarily warm, with record high temperatures, while in the West there was extreme cold. What a blessing it would have been if advance information in this matter had been given a few months ago. But the U. S. Weather Bureau could not give it, with all its scientific knowledge. Its forecasts are seldom issued more than twenty-four hours ahead.

Importantly complicating the general problem is the fact that local weather is affected by land masses, oceans, Equatorial heat, Polar ice fields, and other geographical circumstances. Even a range of mountains may influence it—as illustrated by Western deserts of the United States, which are dry chiefly because high mountain ranges shut off the rain clouds that would otherwise float eastward from the Pacific.

But even where local weather is concerned, there are periodicities which may be determined, says Dr. Abbot. Here, then, is an additional factor in the great problem which he is seeking to solve. In his belief the forecasting of weather is as yet in its infancy. After a while the laws involved will be duly correlated. The relation of solar activity to weather on the earth will come to be understood, and vast will be the advantage thereby accruing to mankind.

It seems fitting that the Sinai Peninsula, which has seen so much Biblical history, should be the scene of experiments which may revolutionize civilization by enabling man to prepare for weather extremes far in advance. Just as copper, several kinds of precious stones and the alphabet have been credited to Sinai, so may be an accurate means of long-distance forecasts of weather. It is in the primitive mine workings of Sinai that scholars have found the pothooks that they identify as the forerunners of the Canaanite-Phoenician and South Arabic alphabets, from which all modern alphabets are believed to be descended.

The history of Sinai did not close with the departure of the Israelites. In A. D. 530 the Byzantine Emperor Justinian founded the Convent of Saint Catherine on the rock-bound slopes of that mountain. It was and is still called a convent, though it has always housed only monks and soldiers. At first it was more of a fortress than a convent or monastery. Justinian had just lost the almost impregnable fortress-city of Petra to the conquering Arabs and needed a stronghold against the nomadic desert tribes.

It is a tradition that the prophet Mohammed, while yet a camel driver in Arabia, visited the convent-fortress, then not a century old. Later he is said to have given the monks the protection of his followers. Another 500 years later, when Saladin drove the Crusaders from all but a few seaports of the Holy Land, the Convent of St. Catherine held out against the Moslems. It is still a monastery of the Greek Orthodox Church.

In 1844 there was discovered in the Convent the Codex Sinaiticus, a Greek manuscript of the Bible dating probably from the Fourth Century. In the historic place is still kept the Codex Syrsin, an incomplete but the oldest known Syrian translation of the Bible, probably taken from a Greek text of the Second Century.

Mount Catherine takes its modern name from Catherine, a patrician maiden of Alexandria, who fled to Sinai during the persecution of the Christians by the Roman Emperor Maximus II. She was taken back to Alexandria to suffer martyrdom. According to tradition, her body was borne by angels back to Mount Catherine. Some centuries later the skeleton of a woman was found on Mount Catherine. It was removed to the convent and part of the remains, including the skull and a hand covered with jeweled rings, are still preserved there in silver boxes.

What Pirates Really Were Like

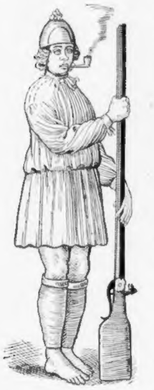
Authentic Records Left By Those Who Had to Deal With the Bold Buccaneers Reveal Wanton Cruelties Which Strip the Bloodthirsty Freebooters of the Romantic Glamor Which Has Grown Up About Them

Contemporary Sketch in the Sixteenth Century of the Pillage and Burning of an American Town by Pirates.

"WITH the skull and bones flying at her masthead, a low, rakish-looking craft ranged alongside. A moment later a horde of swarthy, bearded, long-haired, bloodthirsty devils, each with a knife in his teeth and a pistol in each hand, swarmed onto our decks. Further resistance was hopeless—for the gentlemen it was death—for the ladies death or dishonor, or both.

Such is the common description of a visit from those interesting but unwelcome sea-gentry, variously known as pirates, buccaneers, corsairs, free-booters and filibusters, whose doings have come down the ages from the beginning of the sixteenth century.

That description seems to be quite correct. That is the way they looked and the way they behaved according to modern investigation of old records. But the romance, glamor and sort of shoddy nobility that have been attached to some of the pirate chieftains appear to have been sheer imagination, like the tales of mermaids and monsters which sailors of those days used to relate to the simple landsman.


How the Old Buccaneer Dressed and the Peculiar Gun He Favored, Made by Braechere of Dieppe.

The ancient pirate, like the modern gangster, was in the business of theft and murder for profit. While he caroused and took liberties with any attractive woman who fell into his hands, he had no time to waste on anything so soft as real love or sentiment. He was as "hard-boiled" a man as ever lived. Prisoners were a nuisance, therefore, unless they were young and pretty women or men who could furnish a big ransom, they were unceremoniously pitched overboard to the sharks.

The scene of blindfolded captives forced to walk the plank makes a thrilling picture but it was too much bother for such practical-minded, wholesale murderers. The "jolly-roger" (skull and cross-bones) meant just what it suggested, death to everyone, and the red flag of defiance which they also flew, meant defiance to every law of order, honor or decency. The French pirate Dulaien named his ship the Sans Pitie (Pitiless), which he and his cutthroats agreed was not merely a name but also their motto.

When the pirates went ashore and sacked a town only to find that its treasures had been removed to some inland place of security, it was customary to lock all the women and children in the town's largest church, pile faggots around it and if the husbands, fathers and brothers did not surrender the missing treasure in a hurry, to burn church and everyone in it. Curiously enough the fair sex revenged itself on the brutal pirate, for women were his ruination, so much so that when it came time to really put an end to all freebooting in the Caribbean, the authorities actually imported a shipload of disreputable women from France, as explained later on. Yet, with all his faults, the pirate was deeply religious, praying devoutly for divine assistance before his maraudings and offering thanks on his knees as often as his schemes worked out well.

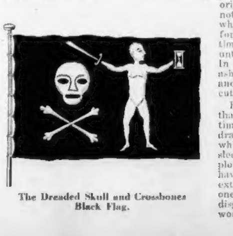
Though both are professional thieves and murderers, the pirate was a very different character from the gangster of today. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence while the gangster is below average and in courage there is no comparison. The pirate was a magnificent sailor. He had to be. And on land or sea he was an almost incredibly brave and efficient fighter. He beat in fair fight not only armed merchantmen but ships of the Royal navies of Spain and Portugal and thought nothing of storming forts and fortified towns, facing almost any odds.

Piracy a Well-Organized Business With Its Own Laws.

Never, if he can help it, does the gangster meet his enemy in fair fight. His idea of a battle is assassination, to have his unsuspecting victim "put on the spot" and riddled with machine gun bullets from a safe ambush.

In his recent book, "The Scourge of the Indies," Maurice Besson from original records and engravings, has collected authentic facts about the merry murderers of the Spanish Main who held sway from early in the sixteenth century almost to modern times. The pirates have their place in history because they helped make history and are credited with helping powerfully in the downfall of the mighty Spanish Empire. But the pirate's greatest monument, a thing to be found in every kitchen of the civilized world, few people know was named after the wicked buccaneer.

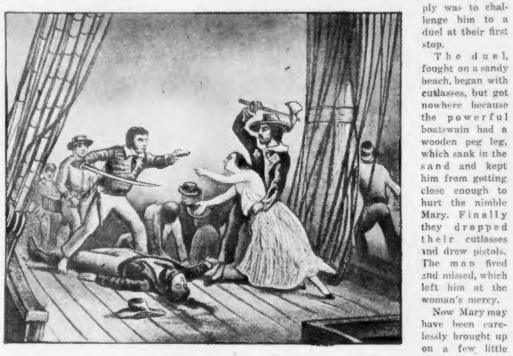
As the pirate had to be careful what ports he entered for provisions, lest he be hanged in chains at the harbor entrance, the matter of preserving meat was a matter of extreme importance. Buccaneers were so named from a process they had learned from the Caribs, of preserving meat by smoking it over a fire. This was called bucanning and finally was abbreviated to canning, which, in time, got to cover most any method of food preserving. When foods were preserved or (bu) canned in tins, these were called tin cans, an invention the original (bu) canners would have appreciated.


The Dreaded Skull and Crossbones Black Flag.

There have always been pirates ever since there were ships and they still exist in Chinese waters. The word comes from the Greek "peirates," which literally means one who attempts or attacks, but more accurately, one who takes an awful chance. When the Greeks were coming up in the world nobody considered piracy criminal or illegal, but merely dangerous and profitable. The Greek galleys were trader-pirates. They traded peaceably with certain cities but others they fought and plundered as a matter of course.

These Greek pirates are credited with the invention of money and of coining the first gold pieces. This not only made modern business possible but provided later generations of pirates with a conveniently concentrated and stealable form of wealth. The crew of any ship of ancient times knew that shipwreck on most any strange shore meant death or slavery. For this reason they had no compunction about raiding any little settlement that looked worth robbing, carrying off cattle, good-looking women and any other valuables that could be moved in a hurry.

It was thought until quite recently that the pagan world had little appreciation of ocean scenery because so few of the wealthy nobles built their villas where they could get a good view of the sea. The reason was pirates. If modern waters were as full of them, no millionaire would dare build on waterfront property. The Mediterranean was infested by pirates in varying degrees until Cneius Pompey mopped them all up in one grand drive.


Morgan, the Notorious Pirate, Captures a Beautiful Spanish Lady.

While comparatively young, Julius Caesar was captured and held for ransom by pirates. When his ransom arrived and he was departing he said pleasantly that he would be right back and hang every one of them, which is just what he did. This was not according to law. Caesar should have taken his prisoners to the nearest large city to be tried. But he knew that, like all professional criminals, these pirates had powerful political influence and that after a long trial they would probably escape through some legal loophole as professional criminals do today. So Caesar hanged the pirates and let the sentimentalists howl.

When people think of pirates they usually think of the wild-eyed gentry who made a madhouse of the Caribbean all the way from South America to Florida. These pirates, like gangsters or most any sort of criminal, would not have become a menace without the acquiescence of the authorities. The trouble came because after it was seen that there was money to be made from the discovery of America, Spain and Portugal divided the profitable parts between them and ordered the ships of all other nations to keep out. This annoyed France, England and Holland, who kept up desultory wars with Spain. But wars are expensive, generals and admirals are often stupid and they found a way that did not cost anything.

Anyone who would fit out a privateer at his own expense was welcome to plunder any ship of Spain or Portugal he could find, with the blessing of England or France. As usual, a private citizen could make money where a government would go broke. The first privateers grew rich and soon there were swarms of them.

In 1629 French settlers on the island of Saint Christopher were driven off by the Spaniards and landed on Tortuga or Turtle Island. There they founded the order known as "The Brotherhood of the Coast," formed to commit piracy on the Spaniards.

The Brothers before setting out on a pirate cruise drew up a set of rules to cover most anything, beginning naturally with how the loot was to be divided, and usually opening with the pious words: "Praise be to God." They were specially anxious to avoid fights on board among themselves. If anyone quarrelled the matter must be decided by the other men. The first time a man was found in the wrong he was forgiven. The second time he was tied bare-back over a cannon while every man on board hit him one stroke with a lash. For the third offense he was put ashore on a desert island with a little bread, seed, powder and shot.

That is what really happened to Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe. He was not a shipwrecked sailor but a pirate who had been marooned by his peers for being too disagreeable. Sometimes persons get to hate each other until only a fight will satisfy them. In that case the pirates could go ashore at the first stopping place and fight it out with pistol and cutlass.

From stories one would imagine that pirates were drunk most of the time. Far from it. Any man who drank enough to lose his senses was whipped over a cannon. For going to sleep on sentry duty, deserting or plotting to desert, the penalty was to have his skull split open. The same extreme penalty was imposed on anyone who brought on board a woman disguised as a man. Yet, two women, Mary Read and Anne Bonny, actually became pirates in good standing.

Mary's case, if it were not authenticated by actual records, would be unbelievable. She was a London girl whose mother for reasons of her own, Besson says, dressed her as a boy till she was 15 years old and then placed her as valet to a noble Lord. But Mary ran away to the wars, which, as usual, were going on in Flanders. After fighting several battles in a foot regiment she deserted to the horse and married a handsome cavalryman. This romance created so much interest that a collection was taken to buy her husband's discharge that the lovers need not be separated.

The two ran an inn profitably until the peace of Ryswick disbanded the armies. Mary promptly deserted her husband to sign on as pilot's apprentice on a Dutch ship bound for America. When the ship was captured by pirates Mary offered to join them, was accepted and for years was a "Brother of the Coast," though suspicions of her sex caused some trouble.

On one of her trips an English boatswain, convinced that she was a woman, told her so and tried to take liberties. Mary's reply was to challenge him to a duel at their first stop.

The duel, fought on a sandy beach, began with cutlasses, but got nowhere because the powerful boatswain had a wooden peg leg, which sank in the sand and kept him from getting close enough to hurt the nimble Mary. Finally they dropped their cutlasses and drew pistols. The man fired and missed, which left him at the woman's mercy.

Now Mary may have been carelessly brought up on a few little things like murder and theft, but she was "a lady" and she would teach people to treat her like one, as she took time to explain in a loud voice to the boatswain before blowing his head off.

Anne Bonny was an Irish servant girl, who ran away with a sailor to Providence Island, Bahamas, where she met an English buccaneer named Rackham, and for years sailed the Spanish seas with him till one day the Spaniards captured his ship in battle. Before hanging him the victors permitted Rackman one last embrace with his wife. Probably it did not cheer him up much, for all she said was:

"You fought like a coward, otherwise you would not be brought so low as to hang like a dog."

The buccaneer, when he was at sea on business, wore wide-topped boots, picture hat and flaming sash with pistols in it, or most any other expensive and elegant clothing which he happened to strip from his prisoners before feeding them to the sharks. At home in San Domingo and Turtle Island he appeared in a curious costume consisting of a helmet-like hat, a long shirt and leggings. He was usually innocent of any form of trousers, shoes or underwear. To make up for this he always had his pipe and an extraordinary gun, made by Bracchere of Dieppe. This musket was six feet long and had a straight stock, but was only for hunting and not taken aboard the pirate ship, where cannon, pistol, cutlass and boarding axe did the work.

Mary Read, Famous Pirate Who Preferred to Dress as a Man, Blows Out the Brains of a Sailor Who Had Insulted Her.

Montbars, a Frenchman, known as the "Exterminator," raided Maracaibo, in Venezuela, and not finding as much gold and silver as expected seized an old man, and on a slave's word that he was rich made him "swim in the air." This meant suspending him face-down by ropes from his wrists and ankles to the four corners of a room. When this did not make the old man tell where his treasure was buried, he added to the torture by laying a 500-pound stone on the "swimmer's" back and built a fire under his face. At last, when the old man died still protesting that he had no wealth, Montbars remarked:

"That's funny. I guess he was telling the truth."

Pierre Legrand, an honest shipowner of Dieppe, until he was ruined by speculation, is unique in all the annals of piracy because he made just one trip and retired. On a wretchedly small vessel and with only 20 men and a few small cannon he chased a merchantman through a Caribbean fog right into a whole fleet of them at anchor and convoyed by a 75-gun frigate.

To make things as bad as possible, Legrand's little craft sailed smack into that frigate with its 200 men. But with the courage of despair, Legrand and his 20 followers boarded the big ship, fought their way down to the powder magazine and threatened to blow it up unless the frigate surrendered, which it did. With the frigate and all the merchantmen as prizes, Legrand sailed back to Dieppe, a rich man again, and prudently retired.

Montauban, another French corsair, is famous chiefly because he was honest once. He had made a deal with the captain of a Spanish ship to convoy it safely to its destination. As he had been paid in advance, some of his pirates saw no reason for not plundering the helpless Spaniard as soon as they were out to sea. But Montauban made such an impassioned speech that he convinced the crew that there were times when even a pirate ought to be honest.

De Gramont, with 700 men, decided to sack the well-fortified Spanish town of Campeachy. Anchoring his ships outside the harbor during the night, he and his men entered in small boats. At daylight the pirates rowed right past the gun of a big frigate which hailed them and receiving no reply, fired a blank shot by way of admonition. When this too was ignored the warship warped herself on her cable and let go a broadside just as the pirates were landing. By a remarkable piece of luck, some half-awake sailor on the frigate set off her powder magazine, blowing the ship up.

How Women Sent Out from France Stripped the Pirates of Their Loot.

De Gramont and his cutthroats piously dropped on one knee an instant to render thanks for such "divine assistance" and then attacked the town whose stunned defenders made little resistance except one fort with a garrison of 400 men which withstood a siege of four days. This citadel was deserted during the fourth night except for two heroic officers, one Spanish and one English, who stuck to their posts and were captured. De Gramont kissed the Spaniard on both cheeks, let him keep his sword and set him free. But having a grudge against the English at that time, he had the other hero's head cut off.

Governors Ducasse and Ogeron induced many of the buccaneer captains to settle down and become loyal chieftains in the various districts of San Domingo. Naturally they turned out to be unruly subordinates, hard to control. The Governor Ogeron, one day worrying over this problem, suddenly clapped his hands and cried:

"Corbleu! I will fetch chains from France to fetter these rascals."

Nobody knew what he meant until a shipload of the most disreputable women he could import from France was landed in San Domingo. These gaudily dressed huzzies were scattered around where they would surely come under the attention of the various turbulent captains and they soon had the old pirates so penniless that they were glad to obey orders from the Governor for a reasonable consideration. France did not give the Legion of Honor to these particular disreputable women, but it has to others.

For the most part pretty women captives were taken ashore as quickly as possible, because the pirates realized that on a ship they were a dangerous source of jealousy and turmoil. Morgan the pirate, who later became the respectable Sir Henry Morgan, is the hero of so many tales of wild orgies with women on board his ships that probably there must have been some truth in them. In the midst of smoke and flying bullets, while capturing a prize, Morgan is said to have rescued a beautiful Spanish woman from the arms of one of his own officers. The lady appealed to him, thinking that if she had to be the prize of somebody it might as well be the chief.

The pirates were a mixture of Catholics and Protestants, as shown by the compacts they signed among themselves. In case a court of honor was held to decide disputes among the men, the Protestant members of the court had to swear on a Bible and the Catholics on a crucifix to judge honestly. Though their business was robbery, if any pirate was caught stealing from another he had his nose and ears cut off, which added to his already sufficiently alarming countenance.

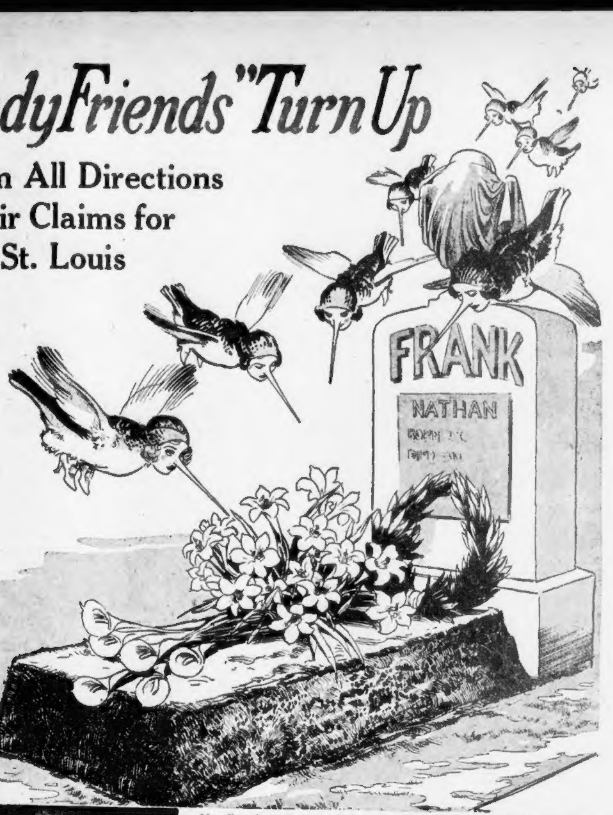
The pirates of the Caribbean did not call themselves pirates, but used any of the other names for freebooters, but the Spaniards, whenever they caught one, hanged him as surely under one name as another. During the intervals of peace between Spain and the other countries these sea-wolves could not pretend they were anything else but the real thing, though, as far as Spain was concerned, it made no difference.

Finally, with permanent peace, the warships of England and France turned against their own as well as other pirates, and piracy all over the world soon came to an end almost everywhere except in Chinese waters.

The Dead Millionaire's "Lady Friends" Turn Up

Astonishing Scramble of Women From All Directions With Strange Tales to Back Up Their Claims for a Slice of the St. Louis Bachelor Capitalist's $4,000,000 Estate

The Jolly Millionaire's Residence at 5291 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis.



Mr. Frank Had Scarcely Been Laid in His Grave Before His "Lady Friends," Like Humming-birds Gathered About a Flower Bed, Began to Swarm Around with Claims for All or a Part of His Estate.

Mrs. Esther Ann Hansel, Who Has Put in a Claim.

THERE is a saying that if a man goes through life doing good to women, the women will do him good, too—do him good and plenty.

Hon. Nathan Frank, ex-congressman, philanthropist, man of public affairs, died recently at St. Louis and was buried with great ceremony as befitted a man of full years, honors and wealth. The funeral sermon eulogized his 79 years of useful, generous life and the papers regretted another good man gone.

He was gone but not forgotten. While the ceremony was going on someone removed from the dead man's office a suitcase full of his private correspondence. The importance of this disappearance did not become evident until a little later.

Hardly was Mr. Frank's body under the sod than some of the mourners began wiping tears from their lovely eyes and filing claims in court against the estate of the deceased. These ran all the way from $44,000 to the entire $4,000,000; the lawyers defending the estate have reason to believe that these are only the vanguard of a flock of other fair ones who think they ought to have theirs too.

The funeral eulogy had told regretfully that Mr. Frank had been a bachelor all his life which was a great pity, because he had never known the happiness of a tender, loving wife to come home to after the day's work.

Perhaps he missed something in that way but there seem to have been consolations. A large number of blondes have brightened his bachelor life, flitting through most of the seventy-nine years of his past. One of these blonde lady friends, Mrs. Bernadine P. Marquis of New York, who hasn't asked the estate for anything yet, said that he called her and the others "nieces." She remarked that old "Uncle Nate," as they called him, had more gentile nieces than any Jew she had ever seen.

Mrs. Grace Greenhall, Who Is One of the Heirs—If Anything Is Left of the Estate.

Randolph Laughlin, chief counsel for the estate, said:

"Throughout his life, Mr. Frank was charitably inclined and devoted much of his time and fortune to aid and comfort persons in need of his bounty, some of whom have manifested that character of gratitude and appreciation native to the human heart."

One of these appreciators is Mrs. Marquis, who was a needy married woman when the deceased met her. Of course, a needy married woman needs first of all a divorce. Mr. Frank besides being a politician, capitalist and other things was a lawyer. He got her the divorce, a nice one with alimony, and even collected that for her. When that source of income dried up for some reason, her benefactor gave the divorcee a job as his housekeeper at 5291 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis.

There she became acquainted with one of the several "nieces" who are now buzzing around the $4,000,000 left by Mr. Frank. On the witness stand Mrs. Marquis testified that she and Mrs. Esther Ann Hansel often stayed at the house together and around the first of the month argued with Mr. Frank as to how many of their bills he should pay. Often they would both get after him at the same time, with no friction or jealousy between the two women, neither apparently caring how much the other received so long as she got hers. Mrs. Hansel had been a bond saleswoman until someone advised her to see Mr. Frank, assuring her that he was a prospect who would "bite."

He bit on no bonds but an association started that even the grave has not been able to part, for her attachment still persists to the extent of $44,000 against his estate.

The philanthropist and the two young blondes went on a three weeks trip east in Mr. Frank's car, the ladies taking turn driving.

The Late Nathan Frank, Well - Known St. Louis Lawyer, Capitalist and Philanthropist.

Mrs. Marquis was asked if the old gentleman was alert mentally and physically and replied:

"Very much so; more than we thought he was.

"He always introduced us as his nieces so the hotels would give us adjoining rooms. He was back and forth always and if we would lock a door or anything like that he would be quite perturbed and upset that he could not have entree. At one hotel he got a little peeved because we had the door locked and he evidently thought we were gossiping or something too much. He wanted to know why he could not come in and I told him that Esther and I were not fully clothed. He said we should not be squeamish about it and got kind of peevish at us that night. So after that we left the doors unlocked."

Mrs. Marquis said she and Mrs. Hansel discussed the coincidence that both should have come under the care and protection of Frank at a time when they were both at their wits' end from despair. These discussions, also, were sometimes in the presence of their aged benefactor, usually following those round-table conversations the first of the month as to what bills of the two ladies Frank ought to pay.

The witness said that the old gentleman demanded "soul kisses" which she explained as meaning extremely affectionate ones. Mrs. Marquis said that Mr. Frank had complained that hers were never as "soulful" as those of Mrs. Hansel.

Mrs. Hansel, however, is not suing on the grounds that her kisses were superior, but on the claim that she let the old millionaire have $39,000 of her hard-earned alimony to invest for her and that he had promised $5,000 more as commission on a real estate deal in which she was supposed to have helped.

Mrs. Bernadine P. Marquis, Who Revealed Some Interesting Things About the Old Bachelor. Photo by Kandeler Studio, St. Louis.

The defense offered evidence that Mr. Frank gave Mrs. Hansel $1,000 as a wedding present when she married her present husband who is a surgeon, that when she got behind in the rent, she told the landlord that "Uncle Nate" would see her through and that he did, sometimes to the tune of $800. Others testified that the aged benefactor of blondes sometimes dropped in for breakfast with Mrs. Hansel and her new husband, who did not seem to mind. If the lady was out when he called, Mr. Frank often left a nice note for her and an even nicer $10 gold piece. Counsel for the estate brought all this out to support their theory that any flow of gold was from the aged rich man to the young blonde and that it is unlikely that any of it ever flowed back.

In support of this theory, the lawyers for the estate put on the witness stand the real estate agent for Mrs. Hansel's apartment in the Traymore Castle .He testified:

"Mrs. Hansel was a tenant at the Traymore Castle two years ago and still is. I saw her when I was collecting the rent or trying to collect it. That was in March, 1931, I believe. The rent was delinquent.

"I inquired just how soon the rent was going to be paid and she told me it would be paid soon. Then I left.

"She mentioned Nathan Frank and said 'Uncle Nate will see me through.' She also said, 'Everything would be all right if I could just get some money from Uncle Nate.'

"After we had brought a suit for the rent, we received a check for the full amount. It was for $800 and was Nathan Frank's check. The suit was settled as a result. She has been in arrears with her rent ever since she presented us with that $800 check."

The next claim filed against the estate was for half a million dollars by blonde Mrs. Ann Hamilton, widow and former proprietress of a "beauty shoppe," connected with a barber shop. For very special customers Mrs. Hamilton sometimes condescended to go from the shoppe to the shop and act as manicure. In this way she happened in 1920 to hold the elderly hand of Mr. Frank, who liked it. Then, according to Mrs. Hamilton's petition:

"For three years Nathan Frank and the plaintiff became very friendly and he became greatly interested in her and her two children (a boy of five and a girl of three)."

Mr. Frank became acquainted with the children, the widow says. He told her he had no children of his own and that he would pay for their tuition and board in private schools and take them to his own home when they left school.

A beautiful friendship went on for three years until one day Mrs. Hamilton upset the philanthropist by informing him that she was about to be married. Instead of congratulating her, she says that he begged her not to, saying that he did not wish to lose her companionship and that of her children. For three days he stayed at her house continually begging her not to marry. All that time the widow hesitated between love and duty or at least between some two conflicting interests.

Finally "Uncle Nate" won and the would-be husband was jilted. Of course a woman could not be expected to give up marriage and the prospects of alimony for nothing and this is the deal she says he made with her.

"He promised the plaintiff that if she would refrain from marrying and would permit him to have her companionship and that of her children, he would provide for her as long as he lived, would pay for the education of her children and bequeath to her the sum of $500,000 on his death."

For the next three years, she says, he gave her various sums, but after that the checks were rather small and few, though she says that it was always understood the half million was in his will only awaiting Mr. Frank's death. Having awaited that even with such patience as she could, what was her anguish to find no mention of herself in the will at all? As soon as she recovered from the shock Mrs. Hamilton filed suit.

It was about this time that the lawyers defending the estate from blonde assaults, began to mourn the mysterious loss of a large, old-fashioned bellows-extension suitcase which had vanished from Mr. Frank's office apparently about the time of his funeral. In that bag, it is suspected, were packed all the correspondence with each and every blonde he had assisted in his long and active life. The lawyers are said to have found among his legal papers, whenever a blonde's name appeared, a note saying: "See correspondence in bag." Alas, somebody saw it first and got away with it.

A few days after the Hamilton half-million dollar claim for passing up perfectly good wedding bells, the estate was stung by another suit, but for the more modest amount of $85,000. The blonde lady friend in this case was Miss Estelle Sensenbrenner, of St. Louis, who for many years had been Mr. Frank's confidential secretary.

For her work she had been duly paid, but she declares Mr. Frank had not kept an agreement made several years ago with her, to employ her for the rest of his life, providing she remained unmarried, and to make her one of the three executors of his will. Several years ago, according to Miss Sensenbrenner, he made a will in which she was named co-executor according to this agreement, but it seems later Miss Sensenbrenner was fired from this job, although she had kept her part of the agreement by remaining single.

According to the estimate of her attorney, Joseph C. Hopewell, she would have received one-third of 5 per cent of the estate as one of the three executors, or about $85,000 cash. It is for this sum she is now suing.

It is great to be connected with a big estate. By the time the lawyers and the courts, the executors and the income tax and others have taken their various bites out of it, usually there is little but a very small core left for the heirs who were supposed to get it all.

Miss Sensenbrenner says that she is sure Mr. Frank did appoint her as co-executor in a will he made in 1928. But he made a later one in which he merely suggested that he hoped the executor would employ her at liberal wages. They did not do this, so she sued them for the cash equivalent of their job.

The executors seem to have made a false step in firing the secretary. Perhaps they lost a valuable ally. Miss Sensenbrenner, as confidential secretary, knew about most everything in the missing bag, what every blonde had gotten in the way of money and, being a woman, had probably not forgotten a single detail.

While they were wondering, came word that blonde number four had made a claim not for a mere $85,000 or $500,000, but the whole $4,000,000. She wanted it as Mr. Frank's adopted daughter. What evidence this lady may have is not known yet but Attorney Laughlin for the estate denies that she has any case. He says:

"Mr. Frank became acquainted with this woman when she was a mere child. He took pity on her condition of abject poverty and she became one of many recipients of his bounty. Mr. Frank defrayed most of the cost of her education until she became about 17 years old. She later went to New York and married Joe Catania, otherwise known as Ray Wood, an entertainer in a night club in New York.

"Mr. Frank received letters from Mrs. Catania after her marriage, addressed 'My dear Mr. Frank,' expressing her gratitude for the contributions he occasionally made to alleviate her financial distress, which was acute."

Despite the loss of that suitcase with its mysterious contents, Attorney Laughlin declared that there was ample evidence in Mrs. Catania's own handwriting to disprove her claim of being an adopted daughter.

What the ladies, the lawyers, the executors and the tax collectors do not take will go to two real nieces and a nephew, Mrs. Grace F. Greenhall of New York, Mrs. Branette M. Krupp of Texas, and Alfred Frank of Oakland, California.

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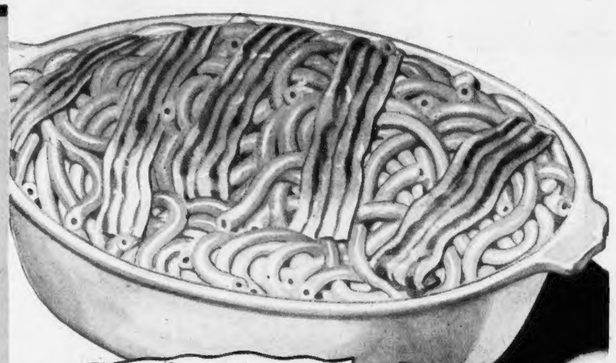
MUELLER'S MACARONI ROYAL

(Page 9—Recipe Book)

•

- 1 Package Mueller's Macaroni
- 7 Slices lean bacon
- ¼ Pound snappy cheese, minced
- 1 Can tomato soup
- 1 Can water
- 1 Small onion, chopped fine.

Parboil the macaroni for 7 minutes in 4 quarts rapidly boiling water to which 1 tablespoon salt has been added. Drain. Panbroil the bacon. Place in a baking dish alternate layers of macaroni dotted with pieces of minced cheese and bacon and repeat until all the ingredients are used up. Mix the onion with the tomato soup and water and pour over the top. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Spaghetti may be substituted for the macaroni.



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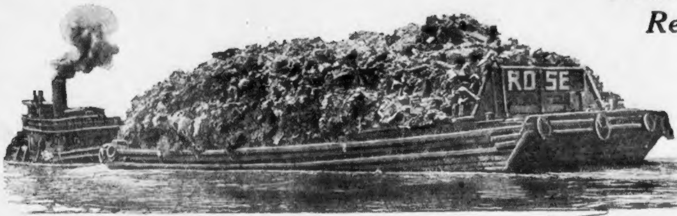
The Poet of the Garbage Dump

Amidst the Aroma of the City's Refuse Instead of the Sweet Scent of the Lilies of the Field, Capt. Cabbage of a New York Street Cleaning Scow Finds Inspiration for His Remarkable Verses



Loaded Street Cleaning Scow Being Towed Down the Harbor.

Mr. John Cabbage, Poet Laureate of the Street Cleaning Department, Composing His Poems in the Cabin of His Scow.

Like a King on His Throne, Mr. Cabbage Writes His Verses As the Tow-Boat Drags His Loaded Garbage Scow Through the Harbor.

The Great Dump Carts of the Street Cleaning Department Tip Their Loads Over the End of the Pier and Gradually the Enormous Garbage Scows Underneath Are Filled Up.

As the Material Accumulates on the Scows, It Is Pawed Over By the Scavengers, and Rags, Bottles or Other Articles of Value Are Rescued and Sold.

GARBAGE is not merely food for pigs; it is mental food, inspiration for poets and novelists.

So says Captain John Cabbage, poet and novelist, who practices what he preaches, doing his writing amid the aromas of New York City's garbage scows as they are towed out to sea.

And why not? It is true that most poets are stimulated by sweet sights, sounds and smells, but then most poets write of hollyhocks and daffodils, sunsets and often piffle. Shelley wrote his famous "Ode to a Skylark," but Captain Cabbage, Poet Laureate of New York's Street Cleaning Department, says: "An Odor Through a Skylight" would have been just as interesting and more human.

John Cabbage is a sailor, 34 years old, who has become familiar with most everything to be seen, smelled or heard on all the seven seas. He has worked on tramp steamers, passenger liners and millionaires' yachts. One would think he had experienced most everything, yet he says:

"You haven't seen life till you've put to sea on a refuse scow."

He is not fooling when he asserts that there are more stories, poems and novels in one scowload than on a round-the-world cruise. Except what the graveyard gets, the scow sees everything, the various steps and the final results of all human endeavor in the world's biggest city.

As Captain John's empty scow is brought back from the sea and tied up at a dock, the Street Cleaning Department trucks begin dumping their collections into it. The first loads are quickly covered by later ones, but not before a crew of men hastily pick it over, salvaging bottles, hats, feathers and various other articles which have value in bulk.

John's poetic eye seizes on them, too. In the empty champagne and whiskey bottles he caches the echoes of parties, gay or sordid, the night club, the wedding celebration, the old toper's last nip, the celebration of a hundred triumphs and failures.

Also, some of it is that sequel to an earlier chapter a few weeks before, when he heard shots in the fog and his scow was almost run down by a rum runner pursued by a coast guard boat. He sees them carry away a brown derby that may have belonged to former Governor Alfred E. Smith and a silken underthing that may have been worn by a minister's wife, a Park Avenue heiress, an actress or a night club hostess.

In 1930, even if Captain Cabbage had not read and heard of the Wall Street crash the year before, he would have known that something had happened to cause all Manhattan, both rich and poor, to economize. The garbage was smaller in quantity, and, to his expert eye and nose, poorer in quality. There was less of what New England garbage collectors call "swell swill."

And, peeping up at him out of the welter of things, is the tragic end of many a perfumed romance. He sees these affairs unfolded for him in the refuse, bit by bit, like a continued story or a moving picture serial, a new instalment in each scow load. Often he misses an instalment, and has to imagine that part from what he sees later. The only place you can hope to get back numbers of what has been dumped at sea is among what is cast up on the New Jersey beaches.

Ordinary lovers when jilted have had to content themselves with staring at drawn window shades or pulling petals from a daisy and saying "She loves me—she loves me not." But what man except Poet Cabbage kept tabs on how his successful rival was treating his fair but fickle one by studying what tumbled off the D. S. C. trucks into his scow. He tells what he saw in his poem:

I SHALL DUMP YOUR LOVE IN THE SEA.

In my load I saw your new manicure set,
The one you just got from your lover.
Last week there was your new bed-cover,
Your last birthday present.

Last trip on my ship I recognized your breakfast table and your rocking chair.
I knew then that the end of your love was near.
Today I saw pictures in the garbage from your home;
So the break-up, the wake-up, I knew had come.

Tomorrow I shall see his pipe, his slippers, in my dumper pocket,
And his love letters, with your tears soaking wet.
By now you too will know, even if you are not a bard.
That it is hard
The one once we loved to forget.

His picture I shall see in the garbage next;
After that, his hat and his coat,
And the pink kimono he bought you last;
All that, and more shall meet soon on my boat.

The refuse barges when they get 25 miles out, have to be dumped of their contents to the sharks that have learned to come up from warmer waters for this free feast, and clouds of sea gulls mark the spot. Some scows open gates in the side which are difficult to close in rough weather and others empty through the bottom. But either way the work is dangerous and the helpless scows are liable to be run down by ships at night. Still, peril at sea is part of a sailor's life, so Capt. Cabbage is more interested in the perils of scow captains ashore. Therefore he has written the following ode to Newtown Creek where he worked on a stone and coal scow:

NEWTOWN CREEK.

Every time the tide is turning,
At the mouth of Newtown Creek,
Where the scows and barges are lying waiting,
Towing, coming and going
With coal, sand, stone and brick.

There soon a head is showing:
A dead captain there is floating;
Another victim of Old Nick.
A gash on the back of his head can be seen;
A wound from knuckles, or big brass ring.
He is all smeared up with blood, dirt and grease, thick.
Booze, women, Cap, done you this trick;
On the back of your head, for your money you got this big crack
From the dirty bums of Newtown Creek!
Well, another one of us got it in the neck.

Come on you guys, give me a hand;
What the Hell! why do you all here stand?
Come on, give me a hand;
By jimminy, you don't think that I want this thing to decorate my bow deck?

Capt. Cabbage claims that he won this finest of all possible jobs for a poet, without any political pull. Also his ability to write is entirely selfmade. At the age of three, Cabbage was brought to New York by his father, who was tired of running a ferry in his native Holland. Soon after the family landed John's mother died and his father struck out West, leaving the child to the uncertain care of aunts and cousins, who moved him about so fast that he did not get enough schooling to quite learn to read and write.

Playing around the water front, at the age of 11, John was invited by the captain of a tramp steamer with a deck load of lumber to ship as cabin boy. The boy jumped at the chance and found it more of a chance than he expected. The old tramp hit a rock off the coast of Finland and John floated ashore on the deck load of lumber. Shipping on the first boat out, he deserted at Havre to see Paris. This was the beginning of a wandering sea life that took him to nearly every known port and would still be going on if a humorous second mate had not handed him one day a magazine with a curious and interesting picture, but refused to read the caption under it [illegible] him.

This mean trick forced John to spell the words out painfully and then a strange thing happened. Some persons seem to be natural victims for habits such as liquor, gambling, women or drugs, one sample and they become addicts for life. John became a literary addict, taught himself to read and write and devoured every scrap of reading matter he could lay his hands on.

The next time he was in New York, John spent his wages on the cheapest room and the cheapest food he could find within walking distance of the Public Library, an institution he had just discovered. Every day he was the first one in when they opened the doors in the morning and the last to be thrown out at night.

This literary gluttony kept on till his money was spent and then he had to go to sea again. These long absences from his true love seemed unavoidable until a roommate told him of the beauties of life on a rock scow.

The rock scows on which Cabbage worked loaded up in the Hudson River just off Poughkeepsie. A full scow was towed first down the river to New York harbor and from there to any of various ports in Connecticut and New Jersey. The loading, the voyage to port, the unloading, and the voyage back as a rule took about a month, although this time varied according to the state of the weather. The coal barges, loading in Perth Amboy and travelling from there to points along the Jersey coast, the Hudson River, or Long Island Sound, made one trip every two or three weeks.

Cabbage had plenty of opportunity to read and write on board such craft. He was alone and the work was light. In fact, about all it amounted to was securing hawsers, watching, and keeping things generally ship-shape. Before a trip started, he would borrow three or four books from the library and by the time it was over he had usually mastered them. He was writing and reading a lot of poetry by this time.

When rockscowing became too lonesome he shipped on some boat with a bigger crew, once on the houseboat of E. Parmelee Prentice, son-in-law of John D. Rockefeller and again on the yacht of Jesse Livermore. There were always books on the yachts but never the leisure of the scows.

One day Cabbage read in a paper an announcement that a poetry group was to meet in a Greenwich Village studio and that anybody was welcome. John resigned his job, bought himself a new suit of clothes and with great reverence attended the meeting. It took four months of "Village" life to realize that these "arty, nutty" people had no message for him and were really not as well read. Cabbage's prodigious reading had been guided by librarians and was all worthwhile.

It was five years ago that Cabbage joined the D. S. C. and he is still a member of it. Several times he has quit long enough to take a voyage to some place he wanted especially to see but he has always come back. He finds garbage scows preferable to those that carry rock or coal for a number of reasons. He is able to spend more time in New York where there are friends he likes to visit and where he can go to the library. The hours are better, and finally, a load of refuse may be repulsive to some, but to Cabbage it contains infinite poetic possibilities. Thus he says:

"You can write about lively, lovely things,
About beautiful flowers in white, red and green.
I wait till they fade, turn yellow; then about them I shall sing.
Their history—their past—I can read as they rest
On the heap amid ashes, garbage and sin . . .

You can sing and laugh about love and beauty, which doesn't keep;
And about beautiful things which I shall eventually dump into the deep."

Until his leg was broken by a hawser which had slipped its bit, Cabbage was the mate on a sea-dumper. Today, some months after the accident, while waiting for his leg to heal completely, he is the temporary captain of a one-man scow which delivers its load to Riker's Island and does not go out to sea at all. Work on this type of craft is less arduous than on a dumper because the refuse is unloaded by cranes—not dumped into the water directly from the scow. The man on board does not, therefore, have to engage in the difficult and dangerous business of dumping.

To the poet laureate of the Street Cleaning Department, it is a beautiful sight when the garbage barges, full of romance, put to sea, as he tells in the following verses which are part of a long poem entitled:

THE POET AND THE GARBAGE.

It was a cold windy night
As the boats passed the light,
Loaded down deep and piled up high, high to the sky
With ashes, rubbish and garbage; a lovely sight
To watch the tow marching in the night.

The empty egg-boxes drop off the load;
With them drop old rags, and spoiled onions in big bags.
And now a pile of sinful women's underwear
Hits the rough, harsh, but virtuous, clean, green sea;
They make a rare sight
On top this greenish, greyish, dancing, raving, wild sea;
Lo! the up-and-down-jumping sea
Now is clad in flappers' colored petticoats!
Here is a broken chair—there is part of a table;
Here's a hat from a sweet dear—there floats the outcome of a stable;
Here's a lady's dress and a flapper's dancing-shoes;
There floats a barrel which was made for home-made booze;
Here's a picnic bag—there is a night pail,
Here floats a manicure set—there's an empty box of bottles that were full of ale.

Here's part of a machine—there's a by-gone cat.
Here's a toy submarine—there floats an old-fashioned stove-pipe hat.
Here's an old oilskin coat of a Marine. There floats a dead rat;
There is a young girl's picture with a new frame;
This is a picture of a vamping dame.

The verses printed on this page are from "Eight Bells," a volume of Capt. Cabbage's verse published by the Parnassus Press, 12 East 15th Street, New York City. The captain's life has recently been saddened by a decision of the Supreme Court ordering New York to burn its refuse.

"Right well it's called *Creamed* Old English *Cheese* ..this zesty Cheddar that spreads!"

"Much vexed, I took my poor wife to the Smythe's to dinner, and to play this strange game gentlemen call bridge. But lo, it was worth all the trouble! Mrs. S. did serve us with a Cheese that smacks so merrily on the tongue it put me in mind of my King's England and my old Coffee House. Not wishing to seem burly by commenting on the fare, I asked the Maid (a pretty wench) of it. She told me it is made by one Kraft. And right well it is called Creamed Old English. Home, and so to bed."

KRAFT Creamed Old English CHEESE
The cheese of the cheese connoisseur
KRAFT Creamed Old English Cheese
KRAFT Creamed Old English Cheese

INDEED it *does* smack "merrily on the tongue!" And it's right here in this country, year of our Lord 1932. To be exact, at your *own* grocery store Kraft Creamed Old English!

For years cheese lovers have begged for a "spreading" cheese with that rare English snap. To make it, our expert blenders set to work with fine aged Cheddar cheese—the true English type—and rich sweet cream.

Using an original method, now patented and exclusively Kraft's, they held all the flavor of the mellow Cheddar. They perfected a cheese product that's *wonderfully digestible.* And one that spreads *as smoothly as butter!*

And how this Creamed Old English toasts! In a twinkling—to a melted goodness that *stays* deliciously soft-textured. Just the thing for appetizers that really appetize. Sandwiches that call for more and more. Not to mention what a delicious "topping off" it makes for dinner itself.

Let yourself in on this rare adventure in flavor, and surprise your guests with it. Your grocer has Kraft Creamed Old English for you in the half-pound package that costs only 25c.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation—Makers of Cheese, Mayonnaise, Malted Milk, and French Dressing.

Spreads—toasts beautifully!

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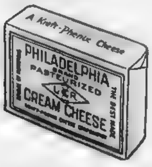


"Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese. *Delicately flavored, smooth, wholesome. The largest selling package cheese in the world! Never sold in bulk*

Swiss. *Firm-textured. Rich, nut-sweet—with the true Swiss flavor*

American. *Time mellowed—with the famous "cave-cured" flavor you get only in Kraft American*

Velveeta. *Spreads smoothly, toasts perfectly. Ideal for cooked dishes. A delicious cheese food, and its nutritional rating is plus, plus, plus!*

Other popular varieties:—Kraft Limburger; Kraft Brick; Kraft American Grated (in the handy shaker); and these Spreads: Pimento Cream, Pineapple Cream, Roquefort Cream and Kay!

Behind-the-Scenes Follies of "Follies" Beauties

Strange Matrimonial Blunders of the World's Greatest Fascinators Who Are Able to Win the Hearts of More Men Than Any Other Women

Helen Henderson, Ex-"Follies" Girl, Who Has Just Married William Duryea, Ex-Actor and Night Club Owner, and the Discarded Husband of Norma Taylor, Another "Follies" Girl.

William N. Duryea, Ex-Actor and Prominent in Broadway's Night Life, Who Eloped First With Norma Taylor and Now That She Has Divorced Him, Is the New Husband of Helen Henderson, "Follies" Beauty of a Few Years Ago.

Norma Taylor, "Follies" Girl and Night Club Entertainer, Who Divorced Mr. Duryea a Few Months After the Wedding, Alleging She Caught Him in the Company of a Strange Blonde.

Photo EDWIN BOWER HESSER.

Hilda Ferguson, Who Was Suspected by Helen Henderson, Another "Follies" Girl, of Twice Trying to Take From Her Mr. Aaron Benesch, Elderly Millionaire, Before Helen's Marriage to Him and After Their Divorce. Hilda Was the Chum of Dot King, Murdered Broadway Butterfly.

GETTING into the "Follies" is a supreme testimonial and advertisement of a girl's charms. It places her on exhibition in the market-place of marriage. It would enable her to catch not one but dozens of fascinated husbands if the law did not limit her to one at a time

But a strange thing usually happens. While the "Follies" beauties are great husband catchers, fate seems to see to it that they display astonishing folly in picking husbands. While endowed by kindly Nature with unusual physical charms, and placed conspicuously on exhibition for men to see and admire, yet from the many eligible men to choose from, they seem to select their matrimonial partners with poor judgment.

The "Follies" girl may have a dozen millionaires rushing her at once, and if she does not grab one of them immediately she may lose them all. This haste is said to be the main reason why "Follies" girls indulge in so many matrimonial follies.

True, next year the crop of personal admirers should be just as big and good. But meanwhile something may happen. She may take on weight, lose her figure and with it her job which would mean no crop at all. Husbands should be taken on first, weight afterward So they have to guess quick, and often guess wrong, like Miss Helen Henderson, well-known "Follies" beauty, who so far has guessed three times and hopes that she is right this last time.

Helen tried to use the best of judgment from the start. Had she been able to ask the advice of the whole world as to whether a girl should marry for love or money, the great majority would doubtless have recommended love. Miss Henderson actually did consult her friends, including Hilda Ferguson, rival beauty of the "Follies" stage. She urged her on no account to marry gold which was a nasty metal anyway, only fit to fill teeth with, so Helen passed up the Pittsburgh millionaires, the Wall Street brokers and the big Western butter-and-egg men in favor of Robert Johnson Rice, an attractive young college boy and minor actor, who offered her lots of love and not much else.

This marriage ought to have been made in heaven because it was based on love, pure love, without cash or other sordid considerations. As both were on the stage they were likely to have that beautiful understanding of each other, supposed to be so desirable between husband and wife.

Alas, soon after the ceremony Helen began to learn otherwise. Some of the "Follies" girls who had advised her to scorn gold, had married it, and now, rolling in wealth, were laughing at her. Loudest of all laughed Hilda, who said:

"You poor simp, I was only kidding you. There is only one evil thing about gold and that is when you haven't got it. Wait till you see the moneybags I marry."

Also that perfect understanding has its disadvantages. If a husband understands his wife too well he is inclined to say, "Oh, yeah?" and those other doubting remarks which cause scenes.

Anyway marriage, all for love and the world well lost, did not work, therefore Helen divorced herself out of the mistake. Being somewhat annoyed at Hilda she asked no more advice from that source, but sought it from various hard-boiled Broadway ladies whose financial careers seemed to show that they knew how to get the most out of matrimony. The consensus of opinion was that, "It is better to be a rich man's darling than a poor man's slave." She learned too that while it is indeed true that "It is more blessed to give than to receive," this applies strictly to men only.

Miss Henderson took this advice of experts and acted on it, but not hastily, and again tried to use judgment, for there were all sorts of rich men to pick from. If she were to marry money instead of love this time, that absence of love on her part but not on the others would have to be considered. Should she marry a young man, he would be ardent and intruding his undesired love much of the time which, to say the least, would be a bore and a nuisance.

The answer to that problem would be an old man who thinks of his food, his drinks and his comforts most of the time, and his love only once in a while, nods in his chair after dinner and goes to sleep early. There are always plenty of aged "sugar daddies," kittenish old grandpas, hobbling around Broadway, vowing that they are just as young as they used to be.

However, Helen did not grab the first of the old boys, nor the richest. Again she thought carefully, eliminating one elderly millionaire after another, and finally had about determined on Mr. Aaron Benesch, a wealthy 60-year-old Baltimore chair manufacturer, who was so generous that somebody said he put the chair in charity. Of course generosity is number one on the list of a husband's virtues, but on top of that she favored Aaron because she found that he was the only old man who did not bore her.

Even so, cautious and thoughtful Helen had not quite made up her mind and might never have taken the plunge with the chair and folding bed magnate if something had not stampeded her. That something was her former friend Hilda Ferguson, who, she suspected, was trying to steal the old gentleman right out from under Helen's thumb. That settled it. If Hilda had urged her to marry Mr. Benesch, Helen would have feared that she was practical-joking again, but this bold attempt to grab him for herself proved Miss Ferguson's approval more than words. Also if Helen didn't take him in a hurry Hilda surely would.

Therefore, Helen said to Aaron: "I guess you will do," took him to the altar and found that she had guessed wrong again. He was generous enough. During the one month they remained married, she managed to collect over $100,000 in cash, real estate and other tokens of affection. Just to show that she could be generous, also, Helen let it go at that, making no effort to stick him with any alimony.

The main trouble was that Mr. Benesch, like many another husband who never bored her before taking, did so afterward. Worst of all he handed her a long and tiresome series of don'ts, applying to her personal behavior.

"But you never objected to those things before," she protested. "You used to think they were cute."

"Sure, you were a chorine then and everything goes with a chorine," he explained. "But now you are my wife, Mrs. Aaron Benesch, and should have some dignity."

Mrs. Benesch was indignant. "The first thing they teach a girl in the 'Follies' is how to stand, walk, sit down and get up with dignity," she said.

"Sure, everything but bark and roll over," answered Mr. Benesch. "But what I mean by dignity is . . ." He never got a chance to explain because she was on her way out to Chicago and divorce This parting was in 1927, the divorce in 1928, and then she almost made up her mind to remarry Rice. He had few don'ts and now she had $100,000 of gold herself. While she was still hesitating, Miss Hilda Ferguson managed to stampede her again. Helen read and heard that her old rival was in Atlantic City with Mr. Benesch, and that an engagement was about to be announced.

Just for that Helen left Rice flat and hastened for the boardwalk. She was not going to have Hilda marry Aaron, collect half a million alimony and call her a simp again. She was successful, soon getting Hilda's seat beside Aaron in the wheelchair. But in the vigor of her campaign to distract the affections of the furniture man she almost remarried him herself; in fact she made up her mind to do so and the important news was printed in all the papers. Again, however, it was a mistake, which this time she discovered before it was too late. After a sort of trial marriage, Helen told him finally and positively that he would not do. But meanwhile Hilda had been chased out of his life, which seems to have been the main object

After that episode the two ladies did not speak, but the Broadway air was full of vibrations as they passed. One day both of them met at the bedside of Texas Guinan in the New York Hospital for Joint Diseases. It was not that any of Texas's night clubs or other joints had been pulled just then, but she had been in an automobile accident. Miss Guinan gave both girls a scolding, and expounded the union rules applying to ladies of the stage when competing for the same "John." The result was a beautiful reconciliation.

Since then Hilda has gone on her interesting career without bothering Helen. Besides appearing in the "Follies," vaudeville and night clubs, Miss Ferguson was a chum of Dot King, the Broadway butterfly, who was mysteriously murdered a few years ago. Miss Ferguson has not graced the stage for several seasons. A year ago she was held as a material witness when William ("Tough Willie") McCabe was injured in a night club row. "Tough Willie" while sitting at a table with Hilda got in an altercation with another customer who did not know his nickname. He was crowned with a water pitcher and then stabbed by the stranger, who escaped in the confusion. McCabe was one of the badly wanted witnesses in the Arnold Rothstein murder, but when he was finally found he had a cast-iron alibi and was promptly released.

With all her experience Helen took time and thought as she looked around for another worthy object for her love. The man she has just chosen is William Duryea, who is a sort of compromise husband, and according to the bride's theories ought to last indefinitely. It is a love match on both sides, and as long as they stay in love there can be no boredom. He is a young man, and being in love, will presumably be ardent, but that will be all right because Helen is in love also.

Mr. Duryea has been on the stage and, therefore, is not likely to insist on a lot of dignity-don'ts. So he appears to offer all the advantages of Mr. Rice, the first husband, and besides has money, not so much perhaps as Mr. Benesch, but one can't have 100 per cent of everything good in a compromise candidate. Among other things he is part owner of the Greenwich Village Inn. This means she will always have a place to hang her hat in New York without having to bother with servants and cooking.

To be absolutely perfect a husband should be true and faithful. Helen knows that in 1931 her new hubby eloped with her friend, Norma Taylor, another "Follies" girl, and that a few months latter she divorced him, stating that she had caught him in a room of the Greenwich Village Inn with another blonde. What happened to Norma does not worry Helen a bit. She reasons that they must have been sadly mismated from the start for a groom to stray so early, and that she will keep him happy and contented in their own suite at the Inn. If not, then she will have to guess again.

Norma Taylor is a person who ought to be able to catch and hold most anyone. Six years ago she came to New York, winner of a Western beauty contest, and her nimble loveliness promptly got her into the "Follies." After the evening show she doubled in Texas Guinan's night clubs and road houses. Shortly after the Duryea elopement she accompanied Miss Guinan on her ill-fated trip to Paris. When that troupe was held up at the seaport Norma and two other girls eluded the French guards, war veterans who at Verdun said "They shall not pass" and spent one night of whoopee at Paris. "Eluded" was what the guards said, but "vamped" might have been nearer right.

It was shortly after her return that she sued for divorce. Last Fall she accompanied Miss Guinan in her barn-storming bus-tour of the country with her show, Too Hot for Paris," which was also too hot for Waltham, Mass., and several other towns, and so was barred from appearing in them.

Three years ago Norma was engaged to Tex's brother, Tommy, but one of them decided it would be another folly and nothing came of it. One of the high spots of Miss Taylor's career was when she got hold of the usually serious-minded and supposedly unkissable grandson of the King of Sweden, Prince Gustaf, in a night club and kissed him. That smack was heard around the world, winning the lady much publicity.

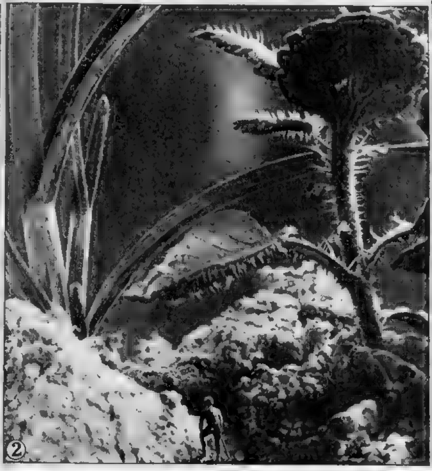
In case Helen has made another mistake, a "Follies" girl is always entitled to another guess.

The Unseen World Under Our Feet

Marvels of Nature, Fantastic Landscapes, Fairy Mountains and Valleys Only the Worms and Insects Can See

An Impressive "Natural Bridge," Produced by a Fragment of Shell fish Found at Random on an Ocean Beach. This Is the Way the Little Piece of Shell Would Look to a Man if He Were as Small as a Bug.

1—A Small Plant, of Which Thousands of Varieties Grow and Are Never Noticed by Human Beings, Whose Eyes Are Five Feet or More Above the Surface of the Ground. This Plant is Shown as Compared With a Human Foot.



2—Same Plant as Shown in Figure 1 Placed Side by Side With a Small Imaginary Man, Making It Look Like a Strange Monstrous Growth. This Is the Way the Plant Looks to the Small Insects, Such as an Ant, Flea or Little Bug.

A Patch of Common Garden Grass Would Create the Impression of an Impenetrable Jungle If Viewed by a Man of the Size Shown in This Photograph.

By Prof. Rene Thevenin

The Distinguished French Scientist

IF anyone yearns for adventure, wants to live dangerously, exploring an always new and changing world, with mystery, surprise, beauty, horror, sudden wealth or sudden death just around the corner, he should envy the insect.

When a human being wakes up in the morning and looks out of the window, he knows that the city or country will look just about as it did the night before, except, perhaps, for a little rain, snow or fog

Once in a great while a flood or earthquake upsets things locally, which is so unusual and startling that the newspapers all over the world are full of it, and the fact goes down in history

But when a small bug or other little insect awakens, rubs its dry, lidless eyes and looks around, it is quite likely to find every landmark of its little world as completely changed as though it had spent the night on a fast train. What was a nice, flat place the night before, or a thick jungle full of lovely hiding places and good things to eat, is now a series of barren, mountainous gorges, through which run raging torrents. By noon these will be dried up, but the insect's life is short, and, meanwhile, it must hurry about its business, mostly eating, as best it can.

While the insect castaway is wondering how to escape from this brand new desert, made by a thunderstorm during the night, he must keep an eye in all directions, because demons and dragons of monster size may lurk behind every pebble and under any leaf. From the sky may dive another kind of devouring monster, bigger, to his eyes, than a Zeppelin

Every step in the life of an insect is an adventure. On the other side of every mole hill may be waiting a square meal or sudden death As the wanderer scrambles along in his dangerous world he is confronted by a mighty tower, a majestic sight such as no human eye ever saw, for its top is lost in the sky. The thing is only a weed a few feet high, but to the insect's near-sighted eye it seems to reach the sun

Climbing is no trouble at all. Shall he go up? Instinct and experience tell him that there are often delicious things to eat up in those towers, but also that they may be full of ogres, cannibals and assorted assassins. Oh, well, the ground is full of them, too. He might as well take a chance. After a while he comes down again, perhaps slowly and heavily, his insides full of food or dropping down lightly, an empty shell, his insides in the stomach of another.

If an insect could carry a camera with a lens as tiny as one of its own little eyes, it could bring home from one of its daily rambles a set of films that would be the fortune of a lecturer. Some would be nightmare horror, but others would be beauties such as human beings travel half way around the world to view

What is that yellow spot that looks like the wings of a wrecked aeroplane? It is the wreck of an air disaster, but there remains only the wings. Fuselage and engine are missing. It is what is left of a butterfly, the rest being in the stomach of a bird. Still there should be a few morsels of flesh attached to the wings. The insect wanderer advances hopefully, but draws back.

Who are those sombre, black-clothed creatures? They are the ants, undertakers of the insect world. Nobody telephoned them that there was a body to be removed, but there they are on the job. They snap their mandibles at the wanderer, who retires. It is not prudent to have trouble with these morticians—there are too many of them. He sadly sees the wings up-ended and carried away in the direction of the nest.

They have robbed him of his breakfast, but a little later he has his revenge. A lumbering beetle plods clumsily into view. The fellow is fairly big, but the startled way he stops betrays him as a timid creature. Timid creatures cannot fight. The wanderer moves closer.

Why not see if he is good to eat? There are no insect police nor insect laws against murder. This beetle seems to have no sting nor dangerous looking mandibles, but just as the wanderer is about to come to grips, the ever-present ants appear. They are mainly undertakers, but also opportunists, who don't mind occasionally providing a corpse for themselves. The ants scurry in and investigate the beetle with the tips of their antennae

Suddenly there is a terrific explosion that shakes the wanderer, though he is a couple of inches away, and he sees that the ants are completely knocked out. The beetle lumbers over their prostrate forms and disappears. He is what is known as a bombardier beetle, with the power to squirt a tiny quantity of some sort of volatile liquid that virtually explodes when it is discharged into the air.

The wanderer might smile except that his face is encased in a horny substance, called chitin, which causes him forever to wear the same expression in joy, sorrow, birth and death. On goes the wanderer If he can't eat, maybe he can drink. Must he find a stream or a puddle? Not at all. To a man looking down from above, the place would seem bone dry, but to a bug, who knows his way, the world is full of hidden speakeasies.

In his path rises a lofty forest of green. Huge green trunks round and smooth, like giant palms, tower side by side so close that it is a bit hard for him to squeeze through. After he has penetrated a short distance he climbs one of the stems to a dizzy height, where it becomes broad and flat. It is a blade of grass. At the point where it begins to flatten the wanderer finds what he is looking for—a great, round, shining globe, like a monster goldfish bowl. The wanderer pokes his proboscis through the side of the bowl and drinks his fill. This is easy, because it is a miraculous bowl without bottom, sides or top, just unsupported water, held together by molecular attraction. In other words, it is a drop of dew

Having refreshed himself, the six-legged pedestrian steps out of the forest of grass and views a dry, hard desert, which extends beyond the horizon in two directions, but just opposite him he sees what look like the dim green outlines of another forest. He sets out in that direction, across the desert, but half way over an alarming thing happens.

The ground begins to tremble, he hears a sound like thunder approaching. Can it be an earthquake? The sky suddenly darkens as a vast shape like a mountain comes rushing toward him It fills the whole heavens The frightened insect flees in zigzag panic, but the monster is too swift. Feet bigger than battleships crash down, just missing him. There is a gust of wind, the menace passes overhead and out of view. It was a little girl on her way to school. Without knowing it she will step on many of his kind, which will bring business for the undertaker ants.

Most insects are like the old gold prospectors, hoping every minute to "strike it rich." The possibilities of an insect's career beat the wildest dream of any "Forty-niner." One of these crawling or flying explorers may stumble, not into a gold mine, but something better to him, a food mine that will not only make him and many generations of his descendants richer than Croesus, but even his entire species.

Columbus found a new world, but the wealth and increase of his race, which this historic discovery brought, is nothing compared to the grand adventure of a poor, insignificant little tribe of insects known as the Colorado beetle making a wretched living by eating tough desert weeds. One day a Colorado beetle-Columbus discovered the potato plant, which man had cultivated almost all over the earth. In a few years where there had been hundreds there were billions. The Colorado beetle had spread over the globe As the "potato bug," humanity is supporting him in luxury, and probably always will. As a conquering pest the achievements of Napoleon are nothing compared to the work of that one little bug

Always pioneering in an unmapped wilderness, among fantastic landscapes, fairy mountains and valleys, the insect is in a land that is a combination of the Yellowstone, the Swiss Alps, the jungles of the Amazon and everything else picturesque. It may see all this variety of scenery in a single day, while to the human observer, looking down upon it from a height of five feet or more, the same ground looks as flat and dull as a railroad map.

The human eye may see miles of seabeach as all very much alike, but to the sand flea and other insects every foot presents magnificent ruins which may be full of hidden treasure or murderers lying in ambush. Europeans cross the Atlantic to view Niagara Falls, but an insect that follows the retreating tide over the ledges can see waterfalls to beat that. On his way he may find a small body of water barring his path and over it an impressive natural bridge that human tourists would come thousands of miles to paint and photograph, if there were one as large in proportion. Yet it is only the fragment of a sea shell.

A little further along the insect comes across what looks like the marble ruins of an ancient temple. The bored human being sees only a half-inch piece of white, a mere bit of oyster shell. Yet the sea has etched and carved it into stately columns that only insect eyes will ever notice.

The man's crunching foot and gigantic form frighten the little creature and send it hunting for a cave in which to hide. Where will it find a cave on a flat sandy beach? There are really thousands of them and, with any luck, the small fugitive will reach one in time. Yes, there it is, a cavern spacious enough to hide a small army of his kind. It is only the shells of two bivalves of the oyster family that the sea waves have tossed together, but to the insect a big cave.

Tourists in Florida and the tropics pay to look down through glass-bottomed boats at the beauties of the submarine world, of which they can get only the dimmest glimpse. Dr. Beebe and others who have descended in diving apparatus have seen these marvels somewhat more clearly. But the real spectator, to whom the lovely coralline growths and even the smallest snails and sea plants are on a gigantic scale, is the water insect. He sees it all until something a little bigger sees him and eats him.

Gangsters go about in some fear of the law, but much greater dread of a rival gangster who is waiting to "bump them off." Every insect walks in daily expectation of a similar fate from one of his natural enemies, who will kill him as surely as he finds him. But that enemy also has an enemy looking for him, and so it goes all the way up to man himself.

However, man, to the insect underworld, is not much of a terror, only a sort of half-blind policeman who is rarely around when the crime is being committed, and doesn't see it if it is. The bedbug which has the effrontery to rob the master of the world of his very blood, isn't much worried about the clumsy wrath of his huge victim What that hated insect fears is a fragile little hunting spider. When this long-legged nemesis confronts the bedbug, that pest knows it is doomed, and is too paralyzed with terror to attempt flight.

If one of this species comes upon two bedbugs at once, one of them might escape, but, numb with terror, the second one waits his doom while he watches the spider leisurely eat the first. Even the grub that has burrowed a house for himself in the solid wood of a tree is not safe. The woodpecker knows how to burglarize that stronghold in short order. The female mosquito's idea of a grand adventure is to sneak into a residence and fill herself up with human blood while her giant victim sleeps.

Insects ride on airplanes, automobiles, trains and boats. Long before man invented any of these things some kinds of insects were using birds for the same purpose, not only getting free transportation but free meals by helping themselves to their benefactor's blood on the way

About the only landscape the ordinary insect does not see is that of snow and ice. Before it gets cold enough for such things the little creatures dig in somewhere for the Winter or die, leaving eggs to hatch out and represent them the following Summer. Yet there are a few kinds of insects that apparently have their homes on the bare snow of high mountains, living on no one knows what.

This Shows How the Soil Has Been Cut Into Ravines by a Shower of Rain. The Height of the Earth Is About Two Inches, But Is as Impressive, When Enlarged, as a Mountain Range.

Nature Has Produced These Surprising Sculptures in the Disintegration of a Fragment of the Shell of a Shell-fish, Known Scientifically as the Cardita.

This Surprising Architectural Effect Is Produced by the Shells of Two Bivalves of the Oyster Family, About an Inch High, Placed One Against the Other on the Sand. To a Worm This Would Seem Like a Big Cave.

A Forest of Small Calcareous Seaweed, Sometimes Called Corallines, About One-Quarter of an Inch High, But Appearing, When Enlarged, More Formidable Than the Trackless Forests of the Amazon.

These Columns, Looking as if They Belonged to Some Ancient Ruined Temple, Are Only Parts (About 1-12th of an Inch High) of an Old Oyster Shell Worn Away by the Sea.

"Just THINK . . he said I looked CHEAP"

Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted!

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks just the way Tangee Lipstick does on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . ends that painted look. When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

"THAT'S how I learned that there's *one* thing even a loving husband won't forgive . . a cheap, painted look!"

No woman wants to repulse men in this way. Yet you may—without even knowing it! Ordinary lipstick can so easily look overdone!

Don't risk your good looks! Never use ordinary lipsticks again. *Tangee* your lips!

Tangee can't possibly make you look painted. It isn't paint. It's a marvelous new discovery that changes on your lips to the one color most becoming to *you!* It brings new beauty to your make-up.

And Tangee is permanent—waterproof. Its cold cream base guards against chapping and caking.

Get Tangee at your favorite druggist or cosmetic counter. It costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. It ends that painted look!

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Send 10c for Miracle Make-Up Set

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to
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THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CHARLIE SQUIRES, a [illegible] on his way over narrow precipitous Summit Trail [illegible] for a job at Cal Ward's [illegible] W dude ranch [illegible] alive after the 60-foot drop, but he manages to whisper, "T[illegible] He . . lin," several times before he dies.

A few minutes later, Pete [illegible] trusted foreman at the Bar W [illegible] has given up [illegible] morning, rides up. They carry the body to the ranch where Ward identifies it as that of Saul Atkin[illegible] Heflin. Atkinson, who had [illegible] up from Oklahoma that [illegible] was to have met his daughter S[illegible] and [illegible] York [illegible] then the party was to ha[illegible] out to the ranch. Ward had [illegible] Pete to meet them but he had [illegible]

[illegible]

The doctor [illegible] the man was murdered. It does not seem possible [illegible] would fall. Besides his papers are missing and bruises on his throat indicate he might have been throttled from behind and tossed off the cliff to cover up the robbery of his papers. Charlie thinks it strange he heard no sounds of a struggle.

On the train coming West Heflin ignores the pleas of his mild bespectacled secretary, Wilbur Roderick Tapping, that he get down to business, and devotes his time to 20-year-old Sally Atkinson [illegible] finishing school and had her debut into society and is delighted to [illegible] the West [illegible]

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Tapping Meets a Friend.

THE train arrived at Manato. A stocky male, who introduced himself as "Shorty from Bar W," met Humphrey Heflin and Sally at the station, and asked if they had supped. Informed that they had not, he pondered a moment.

"There's Jake's," he told them. "If your teeth are good, you can manage his ham and sometimes his eggs are fresh."

"How far away is the ranch?" inquired Mr. Tapping, left cold by this endorsement of Jake's establishment.

"Fifteen miles by Baker's Pass, not counting detours. It's eight if you take Summit Trail."

"We will take Summit Trail then. Undoubtedly they can give us dinner at the ranch and it should not take more than half an hour at most to reach there. Mr. Heflin cannot be expected to dine on ham and eggs."

"Done it a thousand times," said the oil man genially. "You speak for yourself in this country, Tapping, and be sure you don't speak out of turn. I reckon Shorty here knows what he's about."

"We don't usually take automobiles up Summit Trail," explained the ranch hand. "And even going by Baker's Pass, I'd advise you to have your supper eggs scrambled. They're apt to be that way by the time we arrive anyhow, whether they're inside you or out. You go up the street to Jake's while I wrangle your baggage onto the old bus. I'll pick you up when you're through."

"But dad—?" Sally had been looking around her anxiously. "Have you seen Mr. Atkinson, Mr Shorty? He was to have met us here."

"That's so. Mr. Ward told me to collect him along with the rest of you." Shorty, who had left the ranch in the morning and did not yet know of Atkinson's death, turned a calm and approving eye upon her slim form. "The station agent said he decided not to wait, though. Came in on the morning train, cached his suitcase at the depot and asked the way to Summit Trail. Said he was going to walk up."

"That's funny. He promised to wait for us."

"Changed his mind, Sally," said Heflin cheerily. "Wanted to stretch his legs after his trip up from Oklahoma probably. Always was a restless soul, your father. Come along and eat now and you can scold him properly when you see him."

Jake's Place was exactly what Heflin and Sally, old Westerners both, expected it to be, which did not, however, render it any more prepossessing. Tapping's enthusiasm over the bill of fare was restrained and after a brief attempt at dissecting his slab of ham, he asked to be excused.

"I might be able to find some bananas or crackers somewhere, Mr Heflin," he explained. "You'll want something to eat before morning."

"They'll fix us up a snack when we get to the ranch. Go ahead, though, if you want to."

After his departure, Sally pushed back her own dish of eggs and sighed disillusionment. "There are advantages about the effete East," she said sadly. "There you aren't served chicken unless you order it. I think I'll go out and wait in the car. My appetite doesn't seem quite so good as it was."

Heflin grinned. "Tenderfoot!" he challenged.

"Not at all," she retorted. "You're thinking of China. That's the place where a stranger is known by his reaction to ancient eggs."

Shorty and his dilapidated car had not arrived when she reached the sidewalk and Sally strolled down the block after Mr. Tapping. As he reached the corner, the door of a shabby drugstore opened and a long, lank stranger emerged. His garments were those of the country, leather and flannel with bright blue neckerchief at the throat, but instead of chaps, his loose trousers were tucked into the tops of his high brightly polished boots. His drawling voice was pitched on a note of amusement but under that, it seemed to Sally, sounded a more serious inflection, an odd, fleeting intonation of anger.

"Hello, Tapping," said he.

Sally jumped. So did Mr Tapping.

"Hello," returned Mr. Heflin's secretary faintly. "That you? I didn't expect to see you tonight."

"So I gathered. No fault of yours that you have. What's the idea, throwing me down this way?"

"I haven't thrown you down."

"Why didn't you send me that telegram you promised? I've done my bit."

"You haven't done enough," said Mr. Tapping sharply.

(Continued on Page 16)

"What's the matter with my Complexion?"

She thinks to herself:

"*Any* shade of powder seems to look muddy on my face. I've simply got to do something else for my complexion. And look at my hair. It's so dull. I wonder what's wrong?"

Baby says to herself:

"Just out of my Ivory bath. And don't I feel grand! My skin's just like silk. Ivory's simply perfect for a sensitive complexion. And I wish that all grown-up ladies knew it!"

Please answer these questions. They'll help you!

Answer here "yes" or "no"

1. Do some soaps disagree with your complexion? ☐
2. Do you use scented or colored soaps? ☐
3. Would you like to win a baby-clear, baby-smooth skin? ☐

If you want to win a baby-clear, baby-smooth complexion, use a baby's beauty treatment!

If you have answered "yes" to questions 1 and 2, you probably have a sensitive complexion. You should be very careful to use a soap that *agrees* with you. Use an absolutely pure soap.

Ivory is *sure* to agree with your skin. Ivory's purity is *proved*. Ivory is America's favorite baby soap. Think of the millions of sensitive little skins that it keeps so smooth and clear and fine!

Doctors and nurses every day are advising Ivory for sensitive skins.

A doctor or a nurse would never advise a scented or a colored soap for a baby. A baby's soap must be *pure*. A soap that isn't as pure as Ivory often makes baby "break out." Oh, do be careful. Impure soaps may be just as irritating to *your* complexion.

Ivory's purity is priceless, but—when you buy Ivory you don't have to pay the price of a perfumed soap—you don't have to spend your money for a fancy wrapper. You can afford to use Ivory freely—to keep your pores clean and fine—to shampoo your hair into thrilling, shining loveliness. Use Ivory every day. Remember that men love the natural charm of a baby-clear, baby-smooth Ivory complexion!

99 44/100 % PURE

IVORY SOAP

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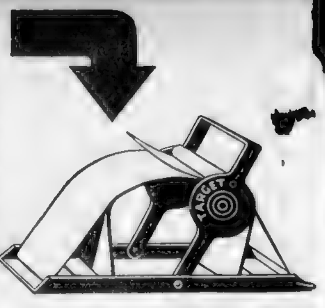

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THEY TASTE AND LOOK LIKE READY-MADES!

PEOPLE will think you're smoking ready-mades. That's how perfect the cigarettes are that you make with the Target Roller.

But even if you roll by hand you'll have cigarettes that taste like ready-mades. Target is the same blend of tobaccos that the ready-mades use. The result is that you can enjoy the taste you've always enjoyed in cigarettes, and still save as much as fifty cents a week on your smokes.

A 10¢ pack of Target makes 30 or more cigarettes.

AND GET THIS

The government tax you pay on 20 ready-made cigarettes is 6 cents. The tax on 20 cigarettes you roll from Target is only about 1 cent. That's one reason why Target is such a big value. And you are protected by our money-back guarantee. If you're not fully satisfied, return the half-used package to your store, and get your dime back.

Wrapped in Moistureproof Cellophane

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville Ky.

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CUTICURA SOAP

From childhood the perfect skin has been thoroughly and regularly cleansed by a pure soap and one that contains medicinal properties which soothe, heal and protect against skin troubles.

More than three generations have found that **Cuticura Soap** meets just these requirements and have been using it to keep the skin in healthy condition.

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Permanently Destroys Hair

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The TWICE-A-WEEK DESSERT-

Because IT'S *Delicious, Wholesome* AND

READY-TO-EAT IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES!

HERE is a new-type dessert the entire family will enjoy. It's smooth, creamy and delicious, yet one of the most wholesome foods you can eat. Kre-Mel is rich in Dextrose, the food element every one—and particularly growing children—needs to supply strength and energy.

Mothers welcome Kre-Mel for its helpfulness in satisfying their youngsters' "sweet-tooth"—and because it's so easily prepared. Without fuss or bother, Kre-Mel can be prepared in about 5 minutes.

There are four delicious Kre-Mel flavors. Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel and Coffee. Try all four flavors and pick your favorite! Remember, Kre-Mel is perhaps the most inexpensive dessert you can serve—you will be surprised that such purity, quality and deliciousness costs so little. Kre-Mel is sold by all grocers.

KRE-MEL 4 FLAVORS

CHOCOLATE · COFFEE
VANILLIN · CARAMEL

4 *SERVINGS per package*

There's more than a taste thrill to KARO Syrup-

Two tablespoons of Karo in a glass of milk doubles its energy value.

Growing bodies need plenty of nourishment—the kind that Karo provides. Watch your children's weight increase on daily servings of Karo Syrup.

IN millions of homes, the delicious flavor of Karo Syrup is enjoyed every day...as a delightful breakfast syrup...as a spread for bread, biscuits and waffles...for home candy-making.

Yet many people who appreciate delicious Karo do not realize the exceptional energy value of this popular syrup. There is an abundance of Dextrose in Karo Syrup. Dextrose is the very important food element which provides heat and energy to active bodies.

Dextrose also is so easily assimilated by the system that it requires no digestive changes. This makes Karo Syrup one of the most nutritious foods we can eat.

So remember—every time you serve Karo, you are not alone providing a rich, delicious syrup but are contributing energy and stamina to the entire body...And—what other food of like value can you buy for so little money? Every grocer in America sells Karo and will tell you that more people buy Karo than any other brand of Syrup.

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 14)

"The deuce I haven't! That's all you know. Why listen . . ." His sentence broke off short as, lifting his head, his eyes encountered the surprised stare of Sally Atkinson. For a moment his look met hers steadily, inquiringly. She saw a lean, bronzed man with a well knit, lounging body, a hard, square jaw and hard blue eyes. He saw, this first time, only her startled eyes. His own were contemptuous. She became unpleasantly conscious that it was a private conversation to which she had, unintentionally, been listening.

The lean stranger opened the door to the drugstore and struck Mr. Tapping so heartily on the back that the little secretary fell rather than walked through it to the lighted room beyond. The cowboy followed him. His last words drifted back to Sally.

"No use telling our business to the entire state," as the door closed upon him.

She stood where she was, tingling with anger. What a thoroughly detestable creature, assured, self-satisfied, insolent! How dared he look at her like that? She had not meant to listen. Only the surprise of finding Mr. Heflin's meek and efficient secretary in such obviously intimate conversation with that tall cowboy had halted her footsteps and betrayed her into the position of apparent eavesdropping. What possible bond could there be between that thoroughly Eastern product, Wilbur Roderick Tapping, and that booted and sombreroed Westerner? The few brief phrases that had passed between them echoed unpleasantly in Sally's ear. Why should Mr. Tapping be expected to [illegible] grams to the stranger? And what was meant by that statement that he had "done his bit?" To Sally, the words sounded almost sinister.

As she walked back to the little eating-place, she tried to put the matter out of her thoughts. It was no business of hers. But her cheeks still flamed with the memory of the stranger's questioning satirical glance.

When she reached Jake's Place, Mr. Heflin was still loitering over his meal, chatting with the proprietor who leaned on the long counter, chewing a toothpick and parrying the oil man's verbal attacks with the ease of long practice. In front, the car had just drawn up to the curb and Shorty, accompanied by another male, climbed out.

The light from Jake's one plate glass window fell full upon the newcomer and Sally saw him clearly, a long, gaunt, stooped man with a leathery complexion and thick, sandy hair which had been badly cut and spread in all directions due to his habit of running both hands through it actively in moments of perplexity. There were sun wrinkles about his deep-set eyes and humorous wrinkles around his mouth. His eyes were keen and kindly.

Shorty, who seemed disturbed about something, introduced the stranger. Oddly, Sally thought.

"This is the girl, Ginger," he said. And to her, "This is Ginger Scullion, miss. He's sheriff our [illegible]."

"Oh," she said. And as a big hand enveloped hers, added, "I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Scullion."

"Ginger, miss," said he. "Just Ginger."

He, too, seemed a little embarrassed [illegible] him [illegible] his [illegible] for [illegible] going [illegible] West [illegible] Well [illegible] Yes [illegible] go tell Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] Through [illegible] saw him [illegible] table [illegible] he [illegible] coming [illegible] turned [illegible] the [illegible] He [illegible] spoke [illegible] spoke [illegible] glanced [illegible] which Sally [illegible]

[illegible] round to [illegible] conversation [illegible] attention [illegible]

"Ever been West before?" he asked, chancing luckily upon the [illegible] to engage her attention.

"[illegible] the West [illegible] "In O[illegible] [illegible] two years [illegible] not in this part of it. When my mother died, [illegible] my father to send me East to her sister, when I was fifteen, and I've lived there ever since. But I'm really a Westerner."

"So your mother's dead," murmured the sheriff. "That's too bad, missy. That's mighty hard luck."

"Dad had to double up and be both parents," Sally explained, dodging the acceptance of sympathy from a stranger. "He blew my nose and wiped my eyes and taught me how to ride and shoot. Poor dear! It will be a relief for him to have me grown up at last and able to look after [illegible] for myself. W[illegible] riding and hunting, and then I'm going down to Oklahoma with him. I've been looking forward to it for [illegible]."

[illegible] blew his nose [illegible]

"[illegible]" Sally thought [illegible]

[illegible] street [illegible] Sally [illegible]

"[illegible]" asked Shorty. "[illegible] You put Miss Atkinson in back, Mr. Heflin? How you going, Ginger?"

"[illegible] the [illegible] can come with us," Sally leaned forward to say. "[illegible] of room in the back."

"Thanks, miss, but I'll ride up. Likely I'll get there as quick as you. Baker's Pass ain't exactly a race track for automobiles."

He mounted and with a sweep of his broad hat was off. Tapping got in front with Shorty. He was quiet and seemed preoccupied. [illegible] rode in silence for [illegible] [illegible]

CHAPTER VI

Ginger Looks Around.

THERE were few men who cared to ride up dangerous Summit Trail after nightfall. Ginger Scullion was one of those few. He had been [illegible]

Dr. Burke earlier in the day, but due to his absence from the village had not received his call until evening. Intercepting Shorty at the station, he had told him [illegible] possible made his way up the dark and rugged hillside. His horse [illegible] head [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible]

"He was to meet his employer here tonight. Humphrey Heflin [illegible] for [illegible]

"How about the missing papers?" asked the doctor.

"Prove that they are missing first. How do you know he carried any? Maybe he left them in Manato in his suitcase."

"Who told you he left his suitcase [illegible]" [illegible] sheriff.

"No one. But neither Charlie nor Pete mentioned seeing one around so I just took it for granted he'd left it behind. A man wouldn't be apt to tackle a climb like that lugging a lot of baggage along."

"I suppose not," agreed Ginger thoughtfully.

He peered long and deliberatively at the recumbent form. [illegible] Better [illegible] now, Ward, and made to [illegible] a bit nicer for his daughter. I suppose she'll want to see him. Women-folks always do, unfortunately."

Drawing the sheet up over the body, he turned again to Dr. Burke. "He was pretty well knocked up. How long do you figure he could have lived in that condition?"

"That's a bit puzzling," ad

(Continued on Page 18)

SHE KNOWS NOW!

OFFENSIVE Odor† stopped for sure . . Clothes saved!

Armpit glands, because they're confined, perspire abnormally—cause odor [illegible] to others (though seldom noticeable to oneself).

The one sure, safe way to avoid offensive odor is to use Odorono. Odorono is a doctor's prescription that prevents underarm odor and saves dresses from ruinous perspiration stains.

There are two kinds of Odorono. Odorono Regular is for use before retiring—gives the longest protection of any product, 3 to 7 days. Instant Odorono is for quick use, at any time. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

Three sizes 35¢, 60¢, $1. Only Odorono has the New Sanitary Sponge Applicator.

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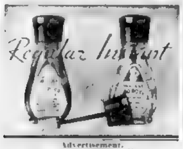

Advertisement.

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FOR the blonde who's "in the know" it's easy to capture her big moment for life. What man could resist her glorious blonde hair? Like thousands of popular blondes, she makes her hair alluring with Blondex, the powdery shampoo created especially for light hair. Its creamy, bubbling foam puts radiant life and sparkle—true golden color—into the dullest blonde hair. Safe—contains no harsh bleaches or chemicals. Fine for the scalp. Blondex brings out new lustre—leaves hair soft and gleaming. Try Blondex today. Then watch eyes turn your way. At all drug and department stores.

COLDS

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub *once an hour for five hours . . .* what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole to make it what doctors call a *"counter-irritant"* because it penetrates and is not just a salve.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

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Color: ☐ Blond ☐ Lt. Brown ☐ Med. Brown ☐ Brown ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Black

Why schools *buy* Unguentine!

You can't search all the boys at school for matches. Some child, *your* child, may be burned . . . That's why teachers are trained in first aid—trained to apply Unguentine instantly in case of a burn . . . They know that Unguentine will stop the child's agony—positively prevent infection, and hasten healthy, scarless healing.

Are you as careful in your home? Have you Unguentine on hand—*now*—or would you have to fumble for the druggist's number while your child screamed? Don't wait until it's too late—get Unguentine today. Only a few cents for peace of mind!

Free to Teachers! Write Dr. M. W. S[illegible] for free copies of "What to Do" [illegible] First Aid [illegible]

Can't Get Rested? ◆ Correct Trouble Here!

TOO TIRED to get up. That's a common experience, but *unnatural!* The cause, doctors discover, is very often . . .

CONSTIPATION . . . sluggishness! To correct this ailment, doctors advise yeast.*

Do you Wake up TIRED?

Millions show this effect of constipation! *What they need*

TIRED when you go to bed! Tired when you wake up! Tired and "no good" all day!

Do those three sentences describe you?

Doctors have found that abnormal tiredness is often a sign of a very serious kind of *inner* fatigue.

"*Intestinal* Fatigue," it is called.

In Intestinal Fatigue, your system is slowly poisoned by food wastes retained too long. You notice the effects in headaches, "nerves" . . . in that slack, listless feeling . . . in loss of appetite and pep.

But it's actually very easy to correct this evil now. World-famous doctors advise eating *fresh yeast!*

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food. It mixes with the residues of other foods in your body. Softens them. "Tones" and literally strengthens the intestinal muscles to clear them away regularly.

Thus yeast brings normal elimination—cleanses the body of poisons—stimulates—purifies.

Thus it gives you a keener appetite . . . improves your digestion . . . helps you enjoy rich, restful sleep, so that soon you get your old-time energy back again!

Isn't it time you actually tried Fleischmann's Yeast? Just eat 3 cakes a day, regularly. Directions are on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

(It's rich in three important vitamins, you know—B, G and D.)

***IMPORTANT**—Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—*the kind doctors advise!*

Eat FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health*—3 Cakes a Day

The Colicky Baby

WAYS TO MAKE HIM COMFORTABLE • • • SUGGESTED BY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES

1. Hold the baby up over your shoulder after each feeding and pat gently on the back to bring up swallowed air.
2. When feeding a bottle baby, hold him in semi-erect position. Never give bottle while baby is lying on his back.
3. Avoid constipation.
4. Beware of diarrhea. See doctor at once.

"The best way to cure colic," says a famous doctor, "is to prevent it." And the best way to prevent it is to avoid gas in stomach and bowels by keeping the entire intestinal tract open, free from waste.

But there's one thing to remember here. A tiny baby's delicate, tender little organs cannot stand harsh treatment. They must be gently urged.

This is just the time Castoria comes to a mother's aid. Castoria, you know, is made specially for the delicate needs of babies and children.

For many years it has helped mothers through trying ordeals with colicky babies, with children suffering from digestive upsets, colds, and other little ailments.

Children like the taste of Castoria and the relaxed comfort its gentle regulation always brings. Keep a bottle on hand for those little ailments that develop so quickly. You can always know real Castoria by the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package.

ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN TO READ THE FORMULA ON THE CARTON

Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation. It contains no harmful ingredients, no narcotics, is not habit-forming or harsh acting. Castoria now comes in two sizes. The new family size contains about 2½ times the amount in the regular size.

Chas. H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA

CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

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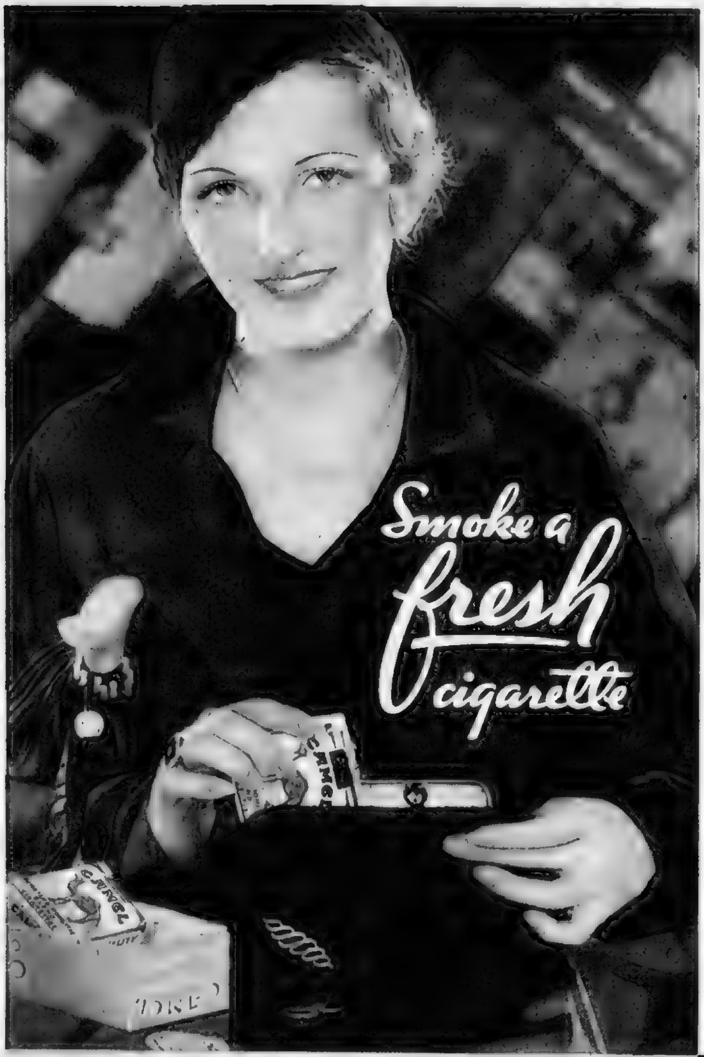
"I've *switched* to Camels because they're *Fresh!*"



ONCE a woman smoker has been introduced to Camels it's a case of love at first light. The first cool, mild fragrant puff of smoke from this fresh cigarette is sufficient to win her to Camels' ever-growing ranks of friends.

Maybe it's because her throat is more sensitive than a man's that she's so quick to grasp the difference between the mildness of this air-sealed cigarette and the stinging bite of parched or toasted tobaccos.

Blended from choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, Camels are made with just the right amount of natural moisture and kept that way until delivered to the smoker by the Camel Humidor Pack.

These cigarettes are never parched or toasted. The Reynolds' method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you haven't smoked Camels lately, perhaps you've been missing something. Why not switch over for just one day? After you've known their rare, throat-easy mildness, then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

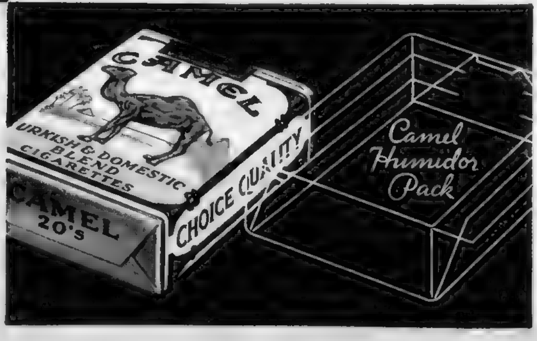
■

"Are you Listenin'?"
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS
Camel Quarter Hour—Columbia Broadcasting System
Prince Albert Quarter Hour—National Broadcasting Company Red Network
See radio page of local newspaper for time

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH — *Kept* FRESH**

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time



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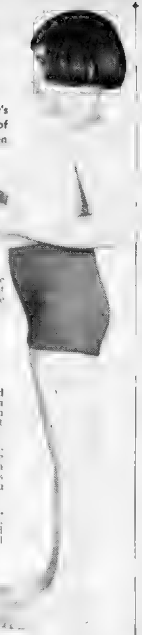
The little Girl who wouldn't

EAT



When a youngster has no appetite, it's probably due to stasis. A little syrup of figs will soon correct this condition—then watch the child eat.

Nature knows best! Never coax a child to eat! Remove the cause of [illegible] appetite [illegible] Children [illegible] are sluggish [illegible] [illegible] If you [illegible] the [illegible] children in every part of the country!

When appetite fails, tongue is coated white, eyes are a [illegible] give small children [illegible] cathartic that drains the [illegible] of tender bowels! California Syrup of Figs is the only "medicine" they need!

Sluggishness ended in 2 Weeks!

That girl or boy with a furry tongue and a bad breath should not be dosed with salts! California Syrup of Figs will gently stimulate the colon muscles—and the child you used to coax to eat will fairly devour his food, digest it, gain weight.

Try the California treatment! Begin tonight, with enough of the pure syrup of figs to cleanse the colon thoroughly. Give less tomorrow, then every other day, or twice a week, until the child's appetite, digestion, weight, complexion, tell you the stasis is *gone*.

Be sure to get the real California Syrup of Figs. Any druggist has it, all bottled, with directions. It's a natural, vegetable laxative, just as good for babes of two years as boys of ten. They all love its taste!

NOTICE TO MOTHERS

There are imitations of California Syrup of Figs, and those [illegible] Don't ever take any bottle that is not plainly labeled CALIFORNIA.

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 15)

mitted the doctor frankly. "I'd have said he couldn't last five minutes in the shape he was in. A drop like that would kill instantly in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Of course, if he were unconscious when he fell—from the strangling, you know—it might make a slight difference. There wasn't much blood on the rocks either. Gil and I rode down to see. If he'd lived any time at all, the place would have been covered with it. Bleeding stops at death, of course. Yet it isn't likely he was murdered while Charlie was peacefully within sight and sound of the whole thing."

"Providing Charlie had told all he knows," said Gil Ward slowly. He was remembering the cowboy's hesitation when he was asked if he had seen anyone else on the hill.

"Why shouldn't he?" said Dr. Burke. "You don't see him as the murderer, do you? He's a reckless young devil. A bit wild. But more or less harmless, I'd say."

Gil nodded, still thoughtful.

The sheriff's gaze ran over the clothes hanging on the foot of the bed. "This all he was wearing?" he asked suddenly.

The two men turned to stare. The doctor picked up the garments one by one and examined them again. "Underwear, socks, shoes, trousers, shirt, coat," he recited. "Seems to be sufficient for a June day."

"Where's his collar? Everything else he had on is town gear.

Sally Regarded Charlie Thoughtfully, Her Brows Knit Together. "I have seen you before," She Murmured.

He'd be wearing a collar. Besides there's a collar button still sticking in the front of his shirt. Back button's gone. The hole for it is torn a little."

"Queer!" said Burke. "Do you suppose, strangling him that way, they ripped it off? Or, maybe, tore it off first so as to choke him the more conveniently?"

"Mebbe. And mebbe, choking him, they left too many marks behind. Fingerprints. Most criminals are wise about those nowadays. They're getting too well educated."

The doctor smiled briefly. "It's the curse of the country," he agreed. "But if that was the reason the murderer took the collar, he must have been afraid his prints might be recognized. There's a lead for you, Ginger."

"Uh huh." The sheriff was pensive. His head was thrust forward between his heavy shoulders and his eyes brooded. "There's the car," he said. "I'm going down to talk to Charlie. Let me see Mr. Heflin after he's been in here. He might have a guess or two to offer. I'll be staying the night, Ward, if it's convenient."

"Oh, sure. You, too, Jo. You won't want to make that trip back tonight."

"Thanks. And by the way, who'll look after the girl, Gil? Got any women around?"

"There isn't a woman on the ranch," stated its owner. "It's too early for the regular dudes, and I stick to male help."

"Make the beds and all? Will the men do it?"

"Every guest makes his own bed. It's one of our rules," explained Ward. "I tried having girls once and they were a blasted nuisance. Had to ride herd on them and the hands twenty-six hours a day."

"You ought to get married," the doctor suggested with a grin. "She'd look after them for you."

"And after me, too. No thanks. I've got troubles enough now." Ward hurried out to greet the new arrivals.

Ginger, listening, heard the rumble of male voices; heard the softer tones of the girl, broken and indistinct as though she were having difficulty in speaking, and violently combing his hair to new heights of disorder—his surest mark of mental travail—he slipped away to the bunkhouse to interview Charlie Squires.

Most of the hands were assembled along the front section of the corral fence where, from a respectful distance, they could view the new guests and discuss the recent tragedy among themselves. But Charlie lay on his cot inside the bunkhouse, glowering silently at the ceiling, when Ginger arrived in search of him. He received with an incredulous stare the statement that the man he had found on the trail was the victim of murder.

"I don't believe it," he stated flatly. "Murder my aunt! The doc says I couldn't have been five minutes away from him when he went over. Said he couldn't have lasted any longer than that. Mean to say I wouldn't have heard a yelp or two?"

"You might not."

"What do you think I do when I'm riding a trail like Summit? Go to sleep? I heard the fellow groan when I was sixty feet above him. I'd certainly have heard a fight while it was going on."

"We don't think it happened quite like that," explained the sheriff mildly. "We think Mr. Atkinson was caught and strangled from behind. That the thief helped himself to his papers and then tossed him over, taking it for granted he'd be smashed to bits and die the minute he hit the rocks. Probably he expected the body to keep on going down the hillside. Just chance that it stayed by the trail where you could find it. And if it had rolled over the edge there, no one could have told it from a skinned steer by the time it was found."

"Strangled?" repeated Charlie, apparently noting only that one word in Ginger's speech. "Did you say he was strangled?"

"I told you. The marks on his throat are plain enough."

"Humph!" said Charlie Squires.

The sheriff stood silent, running his fingers through his thick, sandy hair and shooting an occasional shrewd speculative glance at the cowboy.

Charlie swung his feet over the edge of his cot, sat upright and struck the waiting Ginger an emphasizing blow on his arm. "Say, listen," he urged. "I don't believe I could have passed by Atkinson on my way up the trail. He was lying right along it and even if I'd been looking off in the other direction I don't think I'd have missed a dying man like that. If I didn't see him, I'd have felt him—right up my spine."

"Likely," agreed Ginger laconically.

"Well, then, he didn't fall till I'd gone past that spot. You know how the trail digs into the hillside and around and out again just there to get past the Slide. I couldn't have seen him go over if I were on the back part of that loop; nor seen any fight that might have been going on, but I swear I would have heard it. There wasn't even a footstep. Why, great Moses, Ginger, out there in that stillness I ought to have heard Pete coming down, even though he were still ten minutes away from me. But I didn't hear anyone."

"Not even Pete, eh?"

"Not even Pete until he was right above me; after I'd gone down to Atkinson, you know."

"Humph," said Ginger.

"I was lying here trying to puzzle it all out and why the fellow didn't scream as he fell and all that when you came in. I never dreamed the thing was murder though."

"The strangling would account for his not screaming. Burke sort of thinks he was unconscious when he went over. He probably was attacked sudden from behind and didn't have a chance to make a sound then, either."

"Where'd the murderer go to afterward?"

"I don't know, Charlie. Maybe he hid in the brush till you went by. Maybe he circled Pete and headed up. Or circled you and went down. I'll be going down to the place in the morning and try to find out. Can't do a thing there at night. Did Pete mention seeing anyone on the trail?"

"Pete didn't say much of anything," growled Charlie.

Ginger nodded soberly and after a minute went away. Charlie remained behind on his bunk, frowning more deeply than before the sheriff's advent.

"Humph!" he said to himself after several minutes' cogitation. His jaw had a stubborn slant to it but his eyes [illegible] Once more he spoke.

"Humph!" said Charlie Squires again.

CHAPTER VII.

A Sleepless Night.

A LITTLE later Charlie was summoned to the ranch house. Sally Atkinson wished to talk to the man who had found her father's body. He went reluctantly, for once uncertain of himself, and at her first remark flushed deeply.

"Why, I know you, don't I?" she cried. "At any rate, I've seen you before. When? Where? Did you use to know my father when I was out West with him?"

"No'm. Never. I never saw him till I found him there on the trail." He twisted his hat between his hands.

"Tell me about that," she demanded at once, diverted, as perhaps the cowboy intended her to be, from the subject of their possible acquaintanceship.

He repeated his story.

"He wanted me to tell Heflin something, but he didn't say what I thought it was a 'Helen' he was speaking of, his voice was so faint and gaspy, but Mr. Ward told me he was coming here to meet a Mr. Heflin, so I reckoned it might be him."

"It probably was. Have you told Mr. Heflin about it?"

"I told Mr. Ward. And Ginger—that's the sheriff, you know."

"Yes, I know. You haven't seen Mr. Heflin yet, then?"

"No'm."

She regarded him thoughtfully, her brows knit together. He was a handsome enough fellow as he stood there, restless under her steady gaze, but Sally was not thinking of that. "I have seen you before," she murmured. "But never mind that now. Thank you for finding my father and being with him when he died. You—you don't think he suffered much?"

"Not a bit, ma'am," answered Charlie promptly, ignoring his earlier story of the groan. "He was stunned and just slipping away. Probably didn't feel any pain at all."

"Oh, I hope not," said Sally, and thanked him again, dismissing him. Her eyes followed his tall figure in perplexity as it went through the door. It was queer how that certainty of a former meeting persisted. He seemed equally certain in his denial. Oh, well... She sighed. After all, what difference did it make? He was just a cowboy who had been with her father when he died, heard his last message, helped, perhaps, his last minutes. That was enough.

Elsewhere, Humphrey Heflin and Ginger Scullion also discussed that final message. The oil man was frankly puzzled.

"I can't imagine what he'd want to tell me unless it was who

(Continued on Page 19)

SLEEP TONIGHT

"Lose sleep? Of course you won't! Sloan's will stop the pain in no time."

"I believe you're right, Alice. It certainly feels much better already."

LAME BACK —lumbago

Whenever lame back or lumbago threatens to keep you awake, remember Sloan's. It gives quick relief with its sunshine warmth. Fresh blood circulates the minute you pat it on. Pain soon disappears. Your back is soothed, relaxed. You sleep soundly all night . . . Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.

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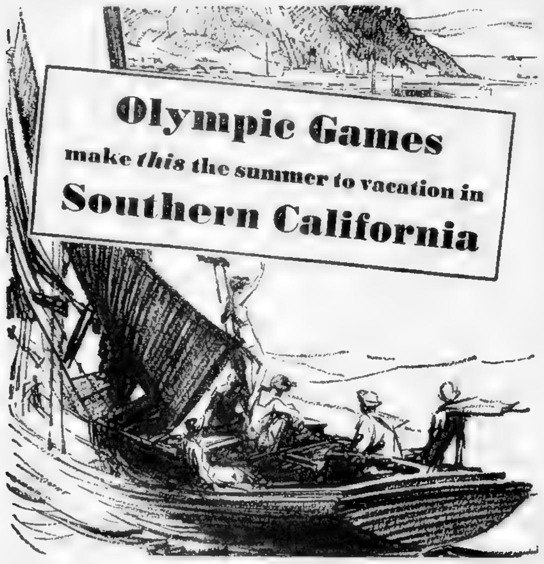
zemo FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



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Even a two-weeks vacation gives you at least 11 days actually here by train (at new low summer fares) from most points in the country. And costs while here need not exceed those of an ordinary vacation.

Rainless Days . . . Cool Nights

Champions and celebrities from all over the world will gather here for the most elaborately-prepared Olympic Games in history. Come for the finals, July 30 to August 14, if you can; but come some time this summer, for Southern California will be in festive mood all season—with rainless days, nights so cool you'll sleep under blankets—and every kind of vacation play:

The sunny beaches, blue waters and pleasure-islands of the friendly Pacific. Mile-high mountains, forest-bordered lakes and glaciers not far away. New, exciting settings for every sport. The glamour of a foreign land in ancient Spanish Missions, palms, orange groves and nearby Old Mexico. Famous resorts and cities like Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Long Beach, Pasadena, Pomona, Glendale . . . Hollywood with its gay night life . . . and centering it all, big, cosmopolitan Los Angeles.

COSTS LOWER THAN EVER *come this summer*

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To help you plan, we've prepared a remarkable new vacation guidebook which the coupon below brings you free. It outlines, day by day, everything you'll want to see and do in Southern California, including over 100 interesting gravure photographs, map, information about routes, *itemized daily cost figures*, etc. . . . perhaps the most complete vacation book ever published. With it, if you wish, we will send, also free, another book giving Olympic Games details and schedules, with ticket application blanks. Send the coupon today. Start planning now!

(If you wish *another* beautiful book, "Southern California through the Camera," include 10c in stamps.)

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Please send me full information about the unique President Liner services.

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The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 18)

killed him. And according to your story that he was attacked from behind he might never even have seen his murderer. I don't know what papers they [illegible] other. I'm pretty sure there wouldn't be any valuable on [illegible] the hotel. Saul had at least the [illegible] amount of common sense."

"There were valuable papers, then?"

"Oh, [illegible] yes! Connected with the last trip of h[illegible] [illegible] to think he was killed on [illegible] account, though. He [illegible] them to [illegible] copies, you know, so I could go over them before meeting him. As far as I am aware, no one else knows of their existence or their [illegible]."

"Humph," Ginger grunted. "Someone knows, all right. What were they?"

"Private papers," stated Heflin shortly, and offered a cigar to the sheriff.

That official's heavy eyebrows worked up and down as he pushed the hand holding the cigar aside.

"I asked you what they were," he repeated harshly. "A man's dead. Mebbe on account of them. Your own man, at that. Suppose you answer my question."

Humphrey Heflin tucked the cigar back in his pocket. He glanced [illegible] at the [illegible] figure in [illegible] flannel shirt and floppy, unbuttoned vest, who represented the law over a stretch of territory larger than all the State of Vermont. He was showing scant respect for either his millions or his person, yet oddly the magnate felt an unusual respect for the sheriff. He answered in a different tone.

"I'm sorry. I didn't realize. You see, the papers—the papers I imagine they hoped to get—concern [illegible] new oil field. Virgin stuff. A very big proposition. Saul has been buying up and leasing what he could get without stirring up the people too much. Once let a whisper get out that Humphrey Heflin was buying and prices would shoot sky-high. I'd like to avoid that. Haven't a quarter of the land I want yet and premature publicity will make a difference of millions to me."

"Millions. H'm."

The oil magnate shrugged impatiently. "I'm willing to lose them if I have to. Atkinson was my man, as you said. He was working for me. Best oil geologist in the country, too. His guesses were better than the next fellow's certainty. But I don't want to throw the money away. I want to keep it quiet if I can do so without hindering your pursuit of the murderer."

Ginger continued to regard him under his bushy brows.

"Got a gun?" he asked.

"I've a couple among my baggage. I [illegible] to do some hunting [illegible]."

"I didn't mean that sort. I meant a GUN," explained the sheriff coolly. "Not for game. For humans."

"Oh, a revolver. No, I haven't."

"Better get one. And don't go rambling round too much [illegible]. Not here at [illegible]. You might find it a good investment."

"I don't see—"

"Oh, Lummie! They killed Atkinson. Mebbe they got the papers they were after and mebbe they didn't. You say you've got copies of them. I say look after yourself."

"Oh, I understand."

"Should think you would after I put it in primer style for you," remarked Ginger. "Got those copies with you?"

Heflin nodded. "That's Tapping, my secretary [illegible]."

"[illegible] him a lot, don't you? Not many men I'd trust with a million dollar secret. Well, I reckon you know your own business."

"I reckon so," agreed Humphrey, amused.

The sheriff met his smile blankly, ran his fingers through his mop of hair and grunted again.

"'Night," he said abruptly, and presenting a long expanse of stooped back, left the room.

He sought the [illegible] where he had arranged to spend the night, having given a curt negative to the ranch-owner's offer of one of his guest-rooms.

"I'll be more comfortable with the boys," he had said. "Get along fine with 'em. Besides I want to hear [illegible] to 'em theorize. If there's one thing a cowboy is better at than most anything, it's theorizing. Reckon it's being alone so much with their horses or the steers that does it. Gets to thinking things over just for the sake of something to do. But whatever the reason is, give a range rider a chance to explain how he figures something or why he figures it and he's your friend for life."

As Scullion expected, the bunk house had plenty of comment [illegible] on the morning's tragedy. It expressed freely its sympathy for the girl and at the same time kidded Charlie Squires profusely [illegible] sufficiently [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] was good-natured. The [illegible] of murder [illegible] not yet [illegible] [illegible] on how Atkinson had happened to [illegible] over the trail.

"Fool tenderfoot," grunted one. "[illegible] anywhere at all. I've taken [illegible] dudes out often enough to know. [illegible] you don't [illegible] hold [illegible] back."

The speaker was lying full length on [illegible] with an open newspaper spread out [illegible] knee. "If you took all [illegible] in Colorado, Wyoming and Nevada," he went on, "and dumped 'em all in the [illegible] Platte [illegible] tied together you wouldn't [illegible] my feelings any."

"[illegible]" [illegible] other youth. "[illegible] why? [illegible] your job a mite. They'd all float to shore."

"Float to shore! What d'you mean, float to shore?" The first speaker let down his newspaper and regarded the [illegible]. "I said to tie 'em hands and feet together and dump 'em in."

"[illegible] you. And I said they'd float to shore. [illegible] why? [illegible] in the water. Empty, all of 'em. Hollow. [illegible] sink 'em [illegible]."

A roar of approving laughter [illegible] would have [illegible] to acknowledge there are dudes and dudes.

Ginger Scullion, lounging carelessly on his bunk, apparently half asleep, opened one eye for a minute and regarded the room. Then [illegible] the eye.

"Atkinson wasn't a tenderfoot," he said sleepily. "Westerner."

"That little fellow!"

"—His outfit was dude stuff."

"—How'd he manage to step off that trail then? Drunk?"

The protests were many.

"He'd been traveling by train," explained Ginger. "That's why he was dressed so proper. Don't know why he slipped off the trail. Hadn't no call to. He'd been over plenty of trails, Saul Atkinson had. Mebbe some of you could dope it out for me. I'd kinda like to know myself."

They became momentarily silent; thoughtful.

"Were any of you fellows [illegible] that [illegible] yesterday?" asked Ginger carelessly. "Just wondered if [illegible] heard him go over or anything."

One cowboy spoke. "No one except the boss."

"Oh! When did he go down the trail?"

"Didn't, so far as I know. [illegible] on the [illegible] in the morning. I was up in the northwest pasture getting [illegible] ponies for the dudes to [illegible] and [illegible] happened to notice him on the slope. That was around nine. Don't know what [illegible] enough when Atkinson went over to hear [illegible] not. He'd a told you, I kno[illegible], if he had been."

"Nobody could have heard that fellow," put in Charlie Squires. He had been tugging off his boots and now wriggled his toes up and down comfortably, easing them after their release from the stiffness of heavy footgear. "Nobody could have heard the fellow. There wasn't nothing to hear except a little groan or two that I wasn't so sure was anything myself when I first heard it. I was right there, I told you. If anybody heard it it would have been me, wouldn't it?"

"How about Pete?" asked one [illegible] cowboy. "He came along [illegible] after you did, you said."

[illegible] stretched his long length from a nearby bunk. "Say, yes, how about Pete? What was he doing anyway, just getting to the [illegible] round about ten o'clock? He [illegible] got [illegible] I saw him start. Wouldn't take him half an hour to get down that far."

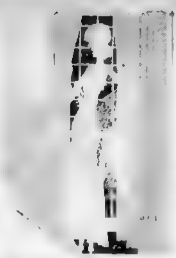
"You don't figure Pete was hanging around that long so he could meet the fellow and shove him over, do you?" inquired Shorty with an angry snort. "How do you know what he was after? Maybe he had to come back for something. Maybe he rode out somewhere to speak to one of the boys before he quit. Maybe he just wanted to give a pack of fools something to blow their mouths out about. What's it matter what Pete was doing?"

There was a rumble of assent. The ex-foreman had been popular.

Ginger Scullion listened quietly while point succeeded point for discussion and argument. He stowed away in his mental pouch what few bits of information he received, to be chewed over and assimilated at leisure. The talk drifted on. Since only [illegible] and Charlie knew of the "murder" theory and since [illegible] violent death is something of a commonplace in that virile country, their interest in the matter did not keep them awake too late.

W[illegible] [illegible] grow [illegible] marked he got [illegible] beautiful [illegible] broke up [illegible]

(Continued on Page 22)



Tintex Does Perfect Tinting and Dyeing for Only a Few Cents

- **No Need To Pay Big Prices For Fine Work!**

Don't pay big prices to have things tinted or dyed!

Trust them to Tintex!

Tintex will color *any* fabric in your home or wardrobe with truly professional perfection in just a few minutes and for just a few pennies!

Dresses, draperies, underclothes, lunch-cloths or bridge-sets, stockings ... anything that needs its color restored or *new* and *different* color!

Make your choice from among the 35 lovely colors you'll find on the Tintex Color Card at any drug store or notion counter.

The rest is amazingly quick, easy and perfect!

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

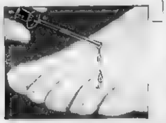
Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

At all drug and notion counters 15¢

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

THIS NEW WAY STOPS PAIN

One drop does it instantly —then corn lifts off



If you want to keep your feet free from [illegible] corns, get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

a dash of Bitters does the trick

A Distinctive And Appetizing Flavor For Beverages

[illegible] P. O. Box No. 11, Baltimore, Md.

Abbott's BITTERS

"Klutch" Holds

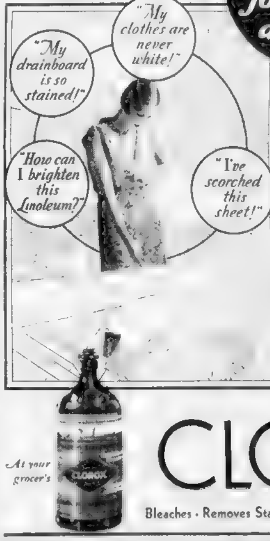
FALSE TEETH

Tight—all day

[illegible] *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. Klutch will end your [illegible] at druggists! If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, don't waste money on substitutes but [illegible] than satisfied, [illegible]

HART & CO., Box 2035 D, Elmira, N. Y.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?



Take Heart—

YOU BUSY WOMEN... **CLOROX does the jobs you dread**

"My drainboard is so stained!"

"My clothes are never white!"

"How can I brighten this Linoleum?"

"I've scorched this sheet!"

DON'T let housework defeat you! Clorox, magic bleach, stain remover, deodorant **and** disinfectant—a "whole cleaning crew in itself"—is waiting to do the jobs you dread!

Clorox makes snowy white washes without boiling ... stainless drainboards without scrubbing—spotless linoleum, tile and enamel ... sweet-smelling" refrigerators ... shining sinks, basins and bathtubs ... sanitary garbage cans—clean, odorless toilet bowls! ... Nor is that all, the worst stains—berry, fruit, ink, beverage, blood, medicine ... even scorched spots and mildew—vanish from white and fast-colored cottons and linens when Clorox is used.

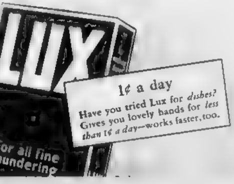
Remember, Clorox has *positive germ-killing power.* Whenever it is used, it both cleanses **and** disinfects. The absolute purity and powerful germicidal properties of Clorox make it invaluable for the many uses given on the label.

As Clorox is a concentrated solution, a very small quantity is needed for each use. A generous bottle costs but little.

At your grocer's

CLOROX

Bleaches · Removes Stains · Destroys Odors **and** · Kills Germs



DON'T DESTROY *the* **ELASTICITY** *that makes stockings wear**

DO YOU KNOW what causes those ruinous stocking runs?

New stockings are *elastic.* They *give* under strain, stretch and then spring back again. When this precious elasticity is destroyed, the silk threads, instead of giving, *break* under strain. It is then that runs start!

That is why Lux is especially made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes even sheer stockings WEAR.

**The Lux Way to make stockings wear*

Wash this 2-minute way: 1. One teaspoon of Lux for each pair. 2. Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze suds through stockings, rinse well.

Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys the elasticity of the silk. With Lux there's no rubbing.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Don't use too-warm water—it fades. Lux melts in lukewarm water.

LUX SAVES STOCKING ELASTICITY

1¢ a day

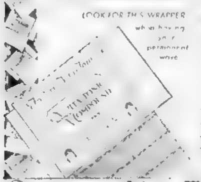
Have you tried Lux for *dishes?* Gives you lovely hands for *less than 1¢ a day*—works faster, too.

The Only
Permanent Wave
I Will Recommend

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

"One of the irresistible features of appealing charm and loveliness is soft, alluring wavy hair, says Constance Cummings. I advise women everywhere to secure a soft, flowing permanent wave with the Frederics Vita Tonic Process."

Soft, lustrous, wavy hair — the appealing beauty you've longed for — can be yours if you demand a Genuine Vita Tonic Permanent Wave. Make sure you get it . . . Mail us the coupon below and we will send you a free Vita Tonic wrapper to take with you when going for your permanent. Compare it with the wrappers used by your hairdresser . . . assure yourself of getting a genuine Vita Tonic Wave . . . **See that no harmful imitations are used.**



LOOK FOR THIS WRAPPER when having your permanent wave

FREE . . . We will also send you a free tube of Frederics Vita Tonic Scalp Treatment and Shampoo. Also an interesting booklet on the care of your hair and a complete list of hairdressers in your vicinity who give the Genuine Vita Tonic Permanent Waves.

Frederics VITA-TONIC WAVES

E. FREDERICS, INC., 235 247 E. 45th St., NEW YORK CITY DEPT. [illegible]
Please send me a free Vita Tonic wrapper and booklet. Also scalp treatment and shampoo for dandruff ☐ oily scalp ☐ dyed and bleached hair ☐
Name................................ City..............
Address.............................. State.............

This Way To Happiness

By Maysie Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

J[illegible] dependent New York stenographer longing for romance and the expensive luxuries of life, false [illegible] her head [illegible] she marries wealthy Lance Saunders, a middle-aged Englishman, just back from 15 years in the interior of Chile. [illegible] until she meets young and handsome Noel Henderson, Lance's best friend. He suspects her of being a [illegible] gold digger, and they hate each other on sight, which is really a defense against a strong mutual attraction.

Janice tries to win her way during a hectic honeymoon tour of [illegible] him, however, and he is bedridden in Monte Carlo. He asks Noel, who is in Paris, to run down and amuse Janice. The night before he arrives she is surprised to encounter Kent Walburn at the Casino. Kent wishes now that he had not let Janice get away.

Wanda Maitland, an English girl out to marry Noel, motors down from Paris. Noel has about decided that Wanda is the type of conventional girl he should marry, but when he sees Janice again all thoughts of Wanda are swept out of his mind.

Janice realizes her marriage is a failure when Noel [illegible] laughs it off and saves the situation, however.

Wanda writes Mrs. Devorn, Lance's sister, exaggerating Lance's illness and intimating he is not getting proper attention from his wife. She hopes the [illegible] him to her countryhouse in England and leave her in undisputed possession of Noel.

In a Quavering Voice, Yet a Voice Perfectly Audible Ten Paces Away, Janice Cried Plaintively, "But I've never met you before. Please go away!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Truce.

DROWSILY and for the fourth time that afternoon Lance insisted, "You [illegible] out and get a breath of fresh air, child!"

Janice looked up with a smile. "You are an old ogre! I'm terribly content here." She was lazily curled up in an arm chair with a book. A huge chair it was, that enveloped her completely. All you could see of her was the top of her bent brown head. But she wasn't reading. Her gray eyes were resting upon the [illegible] watching the waves vie with each other in jumping up to it, seeing who could send their spray the farthest.

"No," Lance insisted. "Go and take a walk while the sunlight lasts." He sighed. "I wish I could go with you."

"I wish you could, Lance."

"I'd send you out with young Noel, except that the dratted fellow hasn't shown up all day. Have you seen him?"

Janice shook her head. She glanced down at her book. She had a horrible fear her cheeks had colored. She wished she could lose that childish habit of flushing easily.

"Nice way to treat us," Lance rumbled, "after he said he'd come down here to be with us. Do you think it's that girl, what's her name? Miss Maitland?"

"Maybe," Janice murmured. And, because she felt her heart contract a little with pain, she was sick with shame at herself.

"If I could get up we'd make a cheery foursome," he said.

"A very cheery foursome," Janice thought, smiling wryly.

"Out with you," Lance insisted. "Out of my sight, young woman, and don't you dare return until the sun's gone down."

Janice walked through the gardens, she walked down to the bathing beach, she wished she'd brought her costume so she could have gone in for a swim. But she hadn't, so she started home again. On her way back she thought she'd like a cup of tea. A big cafe, gilded and ornate in the style of the last century, spilt its clientele out onto the sunlit pavement. There they sat around minute tables, sipping tea, coffee or liqueurs, smoking cigarettes, for the most part in

(Continued on Page 21)

THINGS COME YOUR WAY WHEN YOU Feel Swell!

HEALTH—[illegible] If you really want to feel fit, sweep away the poisons and wastes—and your clean, poison-free blood will give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you are *internally clean*. You have sparkle, charm—you are no longer a person half-awake. Start taking Sal Hepatica now! Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

Clear the Poisons from Your Body—Take Sal Hepatica—and Watch Life Brighten Up!

WHEN you feel "low"—[illegible] grouchy, half-alive—nothing goes right! Life is just one drab day after another, and *other* people have all the fun!

When you feel like that, it's time for Sal Hepatica. It's time to get rid of the poisons and wastes that are clogging your system. Until you're *internally clean*, you won't know what it is to feel sparkling and healthy.

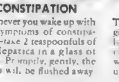
Instead of envying other people their joy in living, buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning stir a teaspoonful or so of Sal Hepatica into a big glass of water, and drink down the sparkling mixture!

In half an hour, the poisons have been flushed from your system. You feel fine!

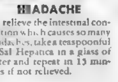
Don't think that Sal Hepatica is "just a laxative." Sal Hepatica offers the same benefits as do the European health springs. And doctors recommend the saline treatment to patients who are run-down, half-sick.

Sal Hepatica does *far more* than any ordinary laxative can do! *It clears the bloodstream of poisons!* It tones up the system. It gets at the causes of colds, digestive disorders, headaches, rheumatism, skin blemishes.

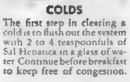
Begin with Sal Hepatica tomorrow morning, and find out what it is to enjoy life!



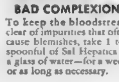
CONSTIPATION
Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away



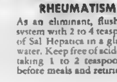
HEADACHE
To relieve the intestinal congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.



COLDS
The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.



BAD COMPLEXION
To keep the bloodstream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.



RHEUMATISM
As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.

SAL HEPATICA 30¢ 60¢ $1.20

Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.

Romance is a prize in this

BEAUTY CONTEST

Guard your skin with Camay

"Oh, come on—Let's sit this dance out—
You're a girl I've got to talk to."

AT A DANCE—on the street—in the shops—everywhere—you're in a Beauty Contest that never ends. One glance from the eye of friend or stranger and you've won—or you've lost. Do people really find you pretty? Is your skin attractive?

No woman can change her features, but she *can* help the beauty of her skin. She *can* use a gentle, pure, creamy-white beauty soap, that's safe as soft water itself.

Camay is the safest soap in the world for your complexion. It's free of coloring matter and from the harsh "chalkiness" that dries out delicate skins. Play safe—keep your skin soft and smooth, day after day, with Camay . . . the Soap of Beautiful Women.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

Advertisement.

DANDRUFF
Soon Destroys the Hair

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. Four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.

This Way To Happiness

By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 20)

incredibly long holders, discussing anything, everything.

Janice seated herself at one of those small tables. Immediately she became the pivot of indolent, lazy eyes. Dark eyes, mostly; admiring eyes. Really she did look most attractive in a white pleated crepe de Chine dress, scarlet kid shoes, a small scarlet hat. Many masculine eyes said plainly, "Such a pretty girl. But why is she alone? And couldn't it be rectified?"

Janice ordered tea. Cautiously she looked about her. The battery of masculine eyes flashed hopefully, registering invitation. Janice's gray eyes passed coldly on. All the same, she did feel a little forlorn. Most everyone else had someone with them. She felt like part of a picture puzzle. Question, find the girl's missing boy friend.

Suddenly her eyes dilated a little. Dilated with surprise and something besides. In an odd manner a little pulse started throbbing high up in her throat. There was the answer to the picture puzzle. Or, at least, someone who might conceivably do. Sitting not a dozen paces away from her. Mr. Noel Henderson.

But Mr. Henderson, it seemed, didn't realize he was the missing link to the puzzle. He merely bowed to her somewhat stiffly and went on drinking tea. True, he, too, had colored, though it wasn't noticeable under his tan.

"Well," thought Janice, "if that isn't the dizzy limit! Him alone over there, me alone over here. And his lordship proposes to do nothing about it! You might know he was an American. No continental would have the nerve to treat a pretty girl like that!"

Janice continued to contemplate him. And the more she contemplated him, the more uncomfortable Mr. Noel Henderson seemed to become.

"Stubborn," thought Janice. "Stubborn as a mule, bless his heart." And her lips curved in a tender smile.

Last night, in that still moonlit darkness, had been drama. Something, even, that bordered on tragedy. But tragedy, even drama, was out of place in this bizarre light opera setting.

Yet, thought Janice, a little plaintively, you can't play even comedy alone. Noel continued to sit there as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Suddenly Janice's gray eyes lit with laughter. She could scarcely suppress a tiny chortle of mirth. American men may be stubborn and unmindful, at times, of a pretty girl. But an American's chivalry you can always rely on!

Quite deliberately Janice turned and smiled into the eyes of an old Frenchman who had been ogling her desperately ever since she sat down. Now this may have been mean on Janice's part, but she figured that old boys of eighty with beards to their knees who ogle pretty girls ought to know better. Certainly a little lesson would do him no harm.

The ardent Frenchman leapt into the air like a rubber ball. He bounced over to Janice, beaming expansively, babbling in French about how charmed he was to renew the acquaintance; how delightful to find Mam'selle remembered him. But as he approached, Janice, too, sprang to her feet. She uttered a terrified little scream. In a quavering voice, yet a voice perfectly audible ten paces away, she cried plaintively, "But I've never met you before. Please go away!"

The Frenchman expostulated. Any man worthy of the name, deliberately encouraged, then given the air, would expostulate. But before he'd got very far a great brown hand seized him by the shoulder, flicked him aside as though he'd been an annoying fly.

"This lady is a friend of mine. How dare you address her?" the owner of that hand thundered angrily.

"Yes," Janice murmured, more soothingly, "you run home and play trains with the grandchildren, papa. Kiss the eldest for me and tell him to keep grandpa at home in the future. Some day the silly old fellow is going to get into trouble!"

"Of all the nerve!" Noel expostulated. "I'd like to . . ." But what he would like to have done Janice never heard. The sentence ended in a low rumble like an express train going through a tunnel.

"Do sit down and compose yourself," Janice begged. "You were splendid. I've never seen it done better on the stage. That I haven't!"

Noel sat down, rather abruptly. He'd suddenly realized he was the pivot of every eye in the cafe.

"Places like this aren't safe for you to come to alone," he said severely. "Just think if I hadn't been here . . ."

"Awful," murmured Janice, her eyes dancing up at him. "I guess I'd have had to pull the old fellow's beard!"

"All very well to make a joke of it now," Noel muttered.

"Gee, I'm not unmindful of the great service you did me. Please don't think that," Janice cried, in mock seriousness.

Noel grinned, despite himself. "Gosh, you must enjoy making a mutt of me," he muttered. "Anyhow are you going to give me some of your tea, or shall I order some fresh?"

"Tell me, why didn't you come over here in the first instance?" Janice asked curiously.

His heightened color was noticeable now. He stared down at his big hands in embarrassment. "I . . . I didn't think you'd want me, after last night," he said desperately.

Janice's own hands tightened. A quick instinctive gesture. She swallowed some momentary obstruction in her throat before she said lightly: "Last night? Oh, I'd forgotten all about that."

"Had you?" He stared down into his cup. "I wish I could!"

"But you must," Janice said quickly. "For Lance's sake!"

"It's because of Lance I keep thinking what a cad I was," he muttered. "Gosh, I can't think what happened to me. One moment we were sparring, the next . . ."

"Just shows how dangerous it is to spar, doesn't it?" Janice interrupted quickly. Somehow she couldn't bear him to go on. To dissect those moments. Terrible . . . like tearing the wings off a beautiful butterfly. She wanted to keep them precious, intact. Always, always . . . She added, a little desperately, "It's been war between us ever since you came down here, hasn't it?"

He ran a hand through his thick brown hair nervously. "I guess it has. Yet why should it be? I . . . I don't want war."

"I didn't want it, either," thought Janice. Yet she knew perfectly well it was she who had started it.

"Perhaps I felt . . . you disapproved of me," she said at last.

He started with a jerk. "Disapproved of you? I?" But his camouflage was amateurishly done.

Janice's gray eyes met his and held them, smiling.

"Didn't you, Noel?"

He opened his brown hands and stared down at their palms. "I . . . I didn't exactly disapprove of you," he jerked out at last. "I didn't think you were the right wife for Lance, that's all. Though of course," he added quickly, "I had no right to think anything about it!"

Janice was making the sugar lumps into a glistening white tower. She seemed very intent on it.

"What did you think was wrong with me?" she asked at last.

Noel still stared at his outstretched palms. He seemed terrified to take his eyes off them. "You're so young . . ." he began haltingly.

"Is youth a crime?" Janice asked quietly.

"Course not! But yours is such a gaily flaunting youth . . . such intense youth." His big hands closed tightly. He caught his breath a moment. Then, he jerked out in exasperation, "Gee, I wish I could describe what I do mean. But I felt Lance would never keep pace with you. And"—he lowered his voice, "I knew it would break his heart not to."

"But Lance isn't old!" Janice cried indignantly.

"No, but he's had a hard life, and he hasn't a great deal of reserve strength, I guess. Not that he'd admit it for a moment. He'd keep going until he dropped . . . But you see what has happened!"

Janice nodded. No getting away from the fact. Lance had been bedridden for weeks now. "Do you blame me for that?"

"I did, at first," he admitted. "But now I don't think it was your fault, at least not intentionally."

"Thank you," said Janice, and

(Continued on Page 22)

End UNSIGHTLY BLEMISHES
Gain natural skin beauty

—with quick-acting medicated cream

A BAD skin is really a *poisoned* skin! Harmful, germ-laden impurities settle in the pores—poison the skin—cloud it with ugly eruptions.

End these blemishes that cast an ugly shadow over your natural loveliness... Ordinary creams won't do this. But here's one that *will*—Noxzema, the famous *medicated* cream *that heals*.

Noxzema has a wonderful purgative effect on facial pores. So pure and mild that doctors and nurses prescribe it for the tenderest baby skin! So effective, so quick-acting, that 6,000,000 women find it the perfect way to a perfect complexion.

You'll feel Noxzema's healing kindness the moment it touches your skin. *In 8 hours—overnight*—it purges the pores. Refines coarsened pores. Heals away ugly pimples. Leaves skin far smoother, finer, clearer than ever before.

Try it yourself. Apply Noxzema tonight. A little more on the bad spots. It's *greaseless*—stainless—quickly absorbed by the suffering pores. Next morning—what a marvelous difference you'll see!

For a flawless complexion—use Noxzema every night. To prevent pore-poisoning and powder-clogging, use it as a protective powder base every morning.

Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or dept. store *today*. It costs very little.

"feel it heal"
Noxzema

Lustrous Color for STREAKED HAIR

Why surrender to gray hair? This famous approved way means radiant color again. We send Demonstration FREE.

All around you, you see them, these modern women who stay young. Their secret—known to millions—is one that every woman with graying hair should know—the famous clear, colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's. By this time-tested way women are safely bringing youthful color to faded strands—so evenly and so smoothly that you would think Nature herself had put it there.

You Need No Experience

Mary T. Goldman's method can be done at home. Merely comb colorless liquid through the hair. Any type of hair can be matched—black, brown, auburn or blonde . . . Color blends evenly and smoothly. Hair becomes lustrous, live looking—stays easy to curl or wave. No "artificial" look. Nor will color wash or rub off on linens or hat linings.

Entirely SAFE to Use

Mary T. Goldman's has been used successfully and safely by discriminating women for over a quarter of a century. Prominent medical school authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair and scalp.

Where Shall We Send FREE Test Package?

Try it first on a single lock snipped from the under part of your hair. See results. No need to hesitate in making this *safe* test. We have sent it to more than 3,000,000 women. If you prefer, you can obtain full-sized bottle from your druggist on money-back guarantee. Or merely send coupon enclosing 4¢ in stamps to cover mailing. We'll send FREE TEST PACKAGE.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

FREE
This Famous
Single Lock
Test Package
Use Coupon

FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
6097 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
I enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover mailing. Send me the FREE Test Package.
Name...
Street...
City........................ State........................
CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓
☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

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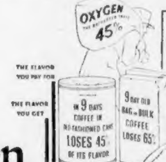
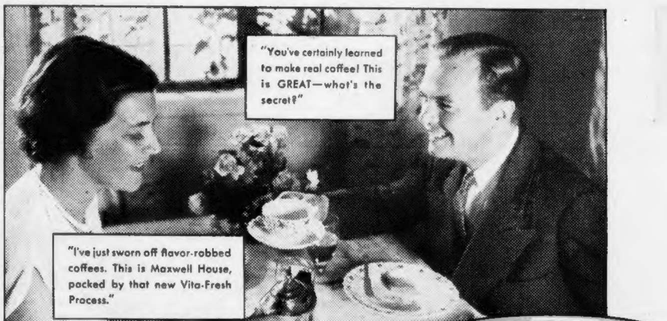

OXYGEN
45%
THE FLAVOR YOU PAY FOR
THE FLAVOR YOU GET
IN 9 DAYS COFFEE IN OLD-FASHIONED CANS LOSES 45% OF ITS FLAVOR
9 DAY OLD BAG or BULK COFFEE LOSES 65%

What Oxygen does to Coffee Flavor

Coffee when loose, or in bags, cartons or old-type cans, loses 45% to 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.

Air IN THE PACKAGE ruins coffee flavor!

When Oxygen lurks in the coffee package
it steals the flavor you pay for


"You've certainly learned to make real coffee! This is GREAT—what's the secret?"
"I've just sworn off flavor-robbed coffees. This is Maxwell House, packed by that new Vita-Fresh Process."

FULL FLAVOR
FULL VALUE

Use Maxwell House Coffee, packed by the new VITA-FRESH *Process*

THE cause of flavor loss in coffee is Oxygen, in the air, which begins to steal away strength and flavor the instant coffee comes from the roasting oven.

So, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-fashioned cans or vacuum, remember this important question if you want the full flavor you pay for:

IS THERE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't—coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

There is only ONE coffee that contains no Oxygen. Only one coffee that reaches you with its full flavor always completely protected—because all trace of Oxygen is removed and excluded from the sealed can.

That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

No loss of flavor can mar the deliciousness of this famous blend

The famous Southern blend of Maxwell House is a supreme masterpiece of the blender's art. Two generations of discriminating coffee lovers have called it the most delicious coffee ever known. The Vita-Fresh Process was invented for the sole purpose of delivering this delectable blend unimpaired by even the slightest flavor loss. Every pound now reaches you exactly as it leaves the roaster.

Ask your grocer for a pound of Maxwell House today. We promise that you will discover, at your first sip, a new deliciousness that you have never found in any coffee before.

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COLUMBIA NETWORK
Hear Lanny Ross—Don Voorhees and his Maxwell House Orchestra—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—See your newspaper for local time.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

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This Way To Happiness

By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 21)

she couldn't keep a tiny note of sarcasm out of her voice.

Noel heard it. He said grimly, "You girls are born mean. You ask a fellow questions. Then, when he answers truthfully, you get mad about it."

"I'm sorry," Janice said penitently. "Go on, please, Noel."

But either he couldn't or he wouldn't go on. His lips shut tightly. Something almost agressive in their tightness. Too, his chin was thrust forward dangerously.

"Shall I tell you what you thought?" Janice asked quietly. "You thought, 'Lance is a rich man and apparently this little girl hadn't got a cent. I don't believe she's in love with him so, of course, she's after his money. Obviously she's caught the poor mutt in a weak moment . . .'"

"I didn't think that! At least, not all of it," Noel exploded. "And, whatever I thought, I apologize for now. I do apologize, Janice."

It was the first time he had called her Janice naturally, like that. It had a queer effect upon her. Her heart seemed to stand still suddenly, then start throbbing violently. All the same she answered coldly, "Why should you apologize, since you think it's true?"

"But, gosh darn it, I don't any longer."

Her eyelids jerked open. "Why?"

And the queer part was, he didn't know why. He didn't even know when he had stopped thinking those things.

Janice smiled a little. A tight unhappy smile. And her tiny hands clenched. "But they were true, Noel. They were actually true. At least, it's true that I did marry Lance because of all the good things he could give me." Her young voice held the sharp edge of desperation. "Yet, I did think I could give him something in exchange. Youth, genuine affection, the laughter in things, loyalty," her voice cracked over the last word.

"But you are giving them to him," he assured her in the pause. "Every time I see him he tells me how happy he is!"

Janice shook her head slowly. Her eyes were sad, disillusioned eyes. "Have you ever noticed if you want a thing, and you haven't got it, you keep assuring yourself and everyone else you have got it? I'm afraid I'm not making Lance happy, Noel. That's . . . that's what hurts so."

Her voice had dropped. A suggestion of tears was in it. Noel looked at her wonderingly. This was a new Janice. Other Janices he knew. Some too well. The gaily impudent Janice. Like a naughty child thumbing her nose at the world. The bitterly mocking Janice who tormented him often. The Janice he had known in the quiet moonlight last night. She who had lain in his arms, whose lips had been soft and yielding under his . . . Yet here was a new Janice. A softened Janice who, somehow, reminded him of a small, unhappy child. A child you wanted to take in your arms and comfort.

"Of course, you're making him happy," he said again, very loudly.

But she only shook her head. She knew what Lance wanted. He wanted her love. And the sort of love he wanted she couldn't give him. There was none left in her. Every bit of it was given to this big grave young man opposite. But he didn't know that, and he must never know it. She'd rather die than let him find out.

"I think I know what he wants," Noel said quietly. "I guess in the last analysis, it's the only thing that means anything in life."

The girl in Janice made her ask softly, "Have you ever been in love, Noel?"

He didn't answer for a long minute. So long, Janice wondered if he were going to answer at all.

"Love? Until recently I hadn't thought much about it," he admitted. "Course, some day I expected to marry," unconsciously he used the past tense. "I thought I'd pick out the girl first and fall in love with her later." He smiled, a little grimly. "But now I don't fancy love comes like that."

He wasn't looking at her. He was staring across into the fading sunset. Some of the sun's dying rays seemed reflected in his very blue eyes. Such intensely blue eyes. Like mountain lakes with the early morning sun upon them.

The pause that followed was strained—and rather precious.

Suddenly he straightened with a jerk. A determined jerk. He turned towards Janice. He grinned across the table at her, in an embarrassed boyish way.

"Now we've got all that out of our systems, don't you think we can be friends?" His voice was eager, yet hesitant.

"I think it might prove less dangerous," Janice said cryptically and smiled.

CHAPTER XXII.

Priory Manor.

THE scene is a large breakfast room. Unmistakeably an English breakfast room. The sort one associates with large, stonebuilt country houses. At the moment it isn't exactly cheerful since there's a persistent drizzle outside. Also the grate contained a fern pot instead of a fire. A fire might have helped matters, but the Spring cleaning's been done and in well regulated English households one doesn't light a fire between Spring cleaning and the arrival of Winter, as indicated on the calendar. One shivers, one expostulates, one gets influenza, but one does not, most decidedly, light a fire. For one thing, the staff wouldn't stand for it. And, for another, being British, one is inured to discomfort. One thrives on discomfort, one cherishes it, one even makes a virtue of it.

Mrs. Devorn was like that. She had money, and she bought everything with it but comfort. She had a large country house which, all her guests were agreed, was the draughtiest house in the south of England. And it would have run any house in the north a close second! She had an expensive car, touring model, because open cars are more healthful. You were taken out joy-riding on the very wettest of days. Usually without any side curtains. These had been permanently mislaid. There was a hot water system in the house, but it was turned off in the Summer because cold showers are so good for you. And guests came in the Summer. Guests, most certainly did not come in the Winter, despite the lure of hot water. Guests, as a class, have their wits about them.

Besides Mrs. Devorn and another lady, there were five dogs in the room.

Mrs. Devorn was a doggy woman. As one of her friends phrased it, more doggy than woman. She was a great strapping creature, six feet tall, twelve stones in weight, with a muscular force that would have put any mere man to shame. She dressed in brown toned tweeds, Oxford shoes, and her curling grizzled hair she wore very short.

"Just listen to this," her voice boomed out at her friend, Elsa Needham, who still sat over breakfast. "If that priceless fool Lance hasn't gone and got himself ill. In Monte Carlo of all places. Why, in the name of Heaven, if he wanted a honeymoon didn't he come home here to have it? Margate or Bournemouth? Why stay at some ghastly Continental resort when he'd have the whole of England?"

"Perhaps," Elsa suggested, mildly, "it was the weather that kept him away."

Elsa Needham was over from the States on a holiday. She'd been in England two months now and she could have counted the fine days on her fingers.

"What's wrong with the weather?" Mrs. Devorn demanded, belligerently. She was so thoroughly British that she felt it wasn't the English weather that was at fault, but the weather of the rest of the world for being different!

"Oh, delightfully typical," Elsa said quickly, "only I should have thought for a honeymoon . . ."

"Honeymoon?" the older woman spluttered. "What right has he to a honeymoon at his age, the old fool!"

"Lance is only forty-three," Elsa said quickly.

"But look at the age of the girl he's married. Some chit of a girl about twenty, I hear. It's . . . it's . . . well, you've heard my opinion about it before now," she ended.

Elsa smiled tightly and stirred her coffee. "I have," she murmured. She hoped her voice carried conviction.

Mrs. Devorn snorted. She could snort more effectively and horsily than any woman in her district. "Just shows you what happens when a man of his age starts wandering about the world by himself. I might have known something like this would happen when he told me he was going to visit in the States before coming back to England. I wanted him to come home at once and share this house with me, but he wouldn't. He said it wasn't colorful enough! Not colorful enough! I might have known then he was off his chump! The prey of any pretty little scheming . . ."

"Do be fair, Olive," Elsa interrupted quickly, "you've never met your brother's wife. She may be utterly charming. I'm sure she must be, or Lance wouldn't have married her."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Sun, Shake and Spray Against Insect Dangers!

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

IT IS a familiar axiom that if we wish to make any biological changes in an individual it would be better by far to begin with his grandparents! Similarly, if we wish to prevent an influx of flies, mosquitoes and other even more unwelcome guests this coming Summer we should begin immediately with their parents, who lay the eggs which will so blithely hatch next June. In no department of household economy is an ounce of prevention so well worth its pound of cure!

What conditions defeat or prevent insect pests in the household? Sunshine, rapidly moving air, cold air, and strongly impregnated odors, especially of camphor, tar, naphthalene and kerosene or combinations of these in newer fabricated form. But, of all these, low temperature is the surest, as witness the absolute control of moths in the usual fur storage rooms. Such a condition is impossible to duplicate in the home. Nevertheless much can be done to assure a household free from the many insect visitors which bite, annoy or contaminate our food stuffs.

Spring cleaning should be followed with this as an important aim in mind. Nothing so guarantees freedom and safety from insect ravages as cleanliness. Therefore, let no box or trunk or drawer or closet escape a thorough upheaval, or what our English cousins call, "turning out the rooms." The shaking treatment cannot be excelled for dresses, drapes and all textiles, nor is anything better than the old-fashioned hanging on the clothesline to let articles sun themselves all day. The brisk winds of Spring together with the sun make short shift of many an adult insect, even though it may not kill the germ.

Every article which is to be laid away for the Winter must be thoroughly cleansed, otherwise one may expect to see the horrid little perforations which prove that the goods has been literally "eaten" by biting jaws of moth, silver fish insect or possibly the buffalo beetle. For all these are common the country over and no section is free from them.

The silver fish insect may inhabit our domains unobserved, but he will do damage in old books, papers, leather and certain kinds of cloth, having a strange preference for bright red.

I recall when a member of the family in a certain room was sure that mosquitoes were getting in badly through the screen. Close inspection proved the screen were in good condition. The bed was thoroughly overhauled and revealed no sign of those embarrassing visitors, the bedbug. But when the carpet was lifted up, lo, in the cracks of the floor were countless small black specks which jumped and which proved to be very determined fleas. Indeed, that Summer fleas and the buffalo beetle and cockroaches were more annoying than either mosquitoes or flies.

The remedy, or preventive measures, at least, are thorough shaking and cleansing of the floor covering, the use of something like white shellac or other wood filler in the cracks and in the wood, and, last, a thorough dusting with pyrethrum powder into the cracks and under where carpet or covering lies. Use a squirt gun and liberally spray into every crevice, leaving no unturned pile of books, papers and unmoved trunk or other delightful spot where they can remain unmolested.

Another treatment is to remove the large pieces of furniture and then sprinkle a layer of naphthalene or similar flakes all over the room and shut it tightly, leaving it so for a couple of days. The odor which thus impregnates the air will suffocate them. This is a similar method to the well known one of using a sulphur candle, which is really the only one infallible treatment for bedbugs.

Every housewife knows how she may purchase at the drug store a special sulphur candle. This is to be set always on a tin pie plate and this plate set in a still larger outer vessel containing water as a fire protection measure, and placed on the floor in the center of the room before lighting. Windows should be shut tight, not only by closing the latch, but by stuffing waste or rags all around the window trim, where there is always waste space. After the candle is lighted, then the door is to be closed and similarly stuffed from the outside.

This trentment does not hurt dresses or fabrics in most cases, although it will always tarnish all silver and certain other metal articles.

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 19)

and the last bits of badinage merged into the peaceful rumble of weary men asleep.

In the ranchhouse, Sally was sleeping badly. She was thinking of many things; old memories, sweet and kind; of might-have-beens, as mourners always do; of the times one might have been more tender, of the days one might have spent together. "I should have insisted on staying West with dad," she thought. "He would have let me if I had begged hard enough. He missed me, I know, all those years I was East, and, oh, daddy dear, how I missed you!"

She walked in thought the ways of twenty years, from the time she had ridden on his knee to the days when she had traveled beside him on the trail. His face smiled at her as when he had picked her up after a fall and she heard his voice, "Never mind, Sally. Don't cry. That's daddy's brave girl."

His face faded as her eyes blurred. Another face took its place, the blond, confident face of Charlie Squires. By some freak of resemblance, Sally saw it framed in broad silver.

"Oh!" she gasped and sat up in bed. "I know where I saw you. In Betty Morgan's room at school. On her dresser. In that big frame. She'd never tell who you were but for six months at least she kept a bowl of violets in front of you." She smiled briefly as she remembered Charlie's embarrassed look when she had insisted that they had met. Then the smile faded and her eyes grew wide and thoughtful. "I wonder if . . . Betty's family are in Mr. Heflin's set . . . Oh, he couldn't be . . . But wouldn't it be queer if he were! . . . He said Mr. Heflin had not seen him yet. And Mr. Heflin said his son was in Colorado the last time he heard from him."

She slipped on a warm robe and went to the window. Kneeling there, she rested her arms on the sill and looked out at the stars. There was the guesthouse where her father lay, alone and still. That dark bulk some distance beyond it was probably the place where the ranch hands slept. The man who called himself Charlie Squires was there, too. He had come to the ranch the very day that Mr. Heflin was due to arrive there . . . And his picture was in Betty Morgan's room. She wondered . . . wondered . . .

Sally leaned her tired head against the side of the window. The Colorado moon, large and silver, flooded the countryside with its tantalizing magic, altering outlines and diminishing distances. From the window she could see the cloudlike tips of mountains, twenty miles away, glowing palely in the flood of moonlight. A streak of brighter silver shone in the valley as the high moon played with its reflection in the distant river. And up from the valley marched the black pines in crowded regiments.

Somewhere among them her father had fallen. "Dear dad!" murmured Sally again, and for a minute hated all the world's beauty.

Someone was loitering in the shadows by the guesthouse. He came forward stealthily, slipping with haste across the moonlit yard and merging himself quickly among the trees that bordered it. Leaning forward, she could dimly see him. He stopped for a minute under a scrub oak tree and looked back at the house where Sally watched. Then abruptly he turned away and moved down the trail out of sight.

She rose thoughtfully from her kneeling position. Should she tell anyone what she had seen? It was after twelve, her watch told her, and people went to bed early and slept soundly on a ranch. It seemed silly to rouse them at that hour because of a man who had already departed. In the morning she would tell Mr. Heflin. It might easily be his affair. Even among the shadows she had thought she recognized that tall, loose figure with its easy, lounging walk. When he crossed the ranch yard, she was sure of him. It was the man she had seen in Manato, the man who had startled Mr. Tapping with his sharp greeting and who had announced to him so firmly that he had "done his bit." But why he should come at that late hour to the ranch where Heflin and his secretary slept, she could not guess and the puzzle added further restlessness to her sleepless night.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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OH, WILL YOU?
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THEN WASH THE STOVE WITH A MILDER SOLUTION
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DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stores in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

When Company Comes to Supper

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Halibut Salad.

MIX 1 pound cold cooked flaked halibut, 2 diced cucumbers, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 bunch thinly sliced radishes, 1 cup cold green peas, a few grains paprika, a little pepper and ⅛ cup well seasoned French dressing. Arrange on bed of crisp romaine and serve with cooked salad dressing. Garnish with radish roses.

Quick Fruit Salad.

PREPARE any desired combination of fruits. Chill, place on crisp bed of lettuce or romaine and serve with cheese dressing. To make the cheese dressing: Beat 4 tablespoons salad oil with ⅓ tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon grapefruit juice, a few grains paprika, a few grains salt and 1 tablespoon crumbled Roquefort or cream cheese. When well blended pour over the salad and serve immediately.

Tomato and Cabbage Salad.

PEEL and dice 2 or 3 choice tomatoes. Combine with 2 cups finely chopped raw cabbage. Moisten with ½ cup well seasoned French dressing or mayonnaise.

Old-Fashioned Lemon Cakes (By Request).

MASH and cream ¼ pound butter, add ⅓ pound sifted sugar gradually, and continue beating. Add the grated rind of 1 lemon, about 2 teaspoons lemon juice and 4 well beaten egg yolks. Mix and sift 5 ounces sifted flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon soda. Combine with first mixture and beat well. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in small buttered muffin pans about 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

Cheese Souffle.

MELT 4 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour sifted with ¼ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon mustard and a few grains paprika. Blend well and gradually add ½ cup milk. Stir constantly until mixture reaches boiling point. Remove from fire and stir in 1 cup grated cheese and 3 well beaten egg yolks. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderately hot oven about 25 minutes. Serve immediately with any green salad and hot rolls or tea biscuits. The souffle will fall if it is allowed to stand.

Cape Cod Salad.

COMBINE 1½ cups canned shrimp, 1 cup diced pineapple, a few grains pepper, 1 finely chopped chive, ¼ cup well seasoned French dressing and a few grains salt. Chill thoroughly and arrange on crisp lettuce, romaine or chicory.

Tomato Salad.

BREAK 1 cup broken macaroni into small pieces and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and chill. Peel and chill 4 or 5 choice ripe tomatoes. Cut into pieces. Combine tomatoes, macaroni, ½ teaspoon onion juice and ⅓ cup well seasoned mayonnaise or cooked dressing. Serve on crisp celery.

Fruit Salad Dressing.

BEAT 2 eggs until light, add ⅔ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons flour and beat until smooth. Add the juice of 1 lemon, the juice of 1 orange and 1 cup canned pineapple juice and cook over hot water until smooth and creamy, stirring constantly. Chill and fold in ½ cup cream, beaten until smooth.

Chicken Salad Sandwiches.

PREPARE mixture as for cheese eclairs, omitting the cheese. Bake in long narrow strips on buttered baking sheet in hot oven. When cold cut down one side and fill with well seasoned chicken salad. Garnish with celery hearts and radish roses.

Cheese Filling.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and a little paprika and blend well. Add 1¼ cups milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 2 well beaten egg yolks mixed with ¾ cup grated cheese and stir until cheese is melted and egg yolks set. When cold add ½ cup cream, beaten until stiff.

Cheese Eclairs.

BRING 1 cup water and ½ cup butter to boiling point. Add 1 cup sifted flour and stir vigorously over fire until mixture cleaves from sides of pan. Remove from heat. Add 3 unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating until thoroughly mixed between the addition of eggs. Add a few grains paprika and ½ cup grated cheese. Bake, in narrow strips 2 or 3 inches long and 1 inch wide, on buttered baking sheet in a rather hot oven. When light and dry and delicately colored remove from oven. When cold cut down one side and fill with cheese filling.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

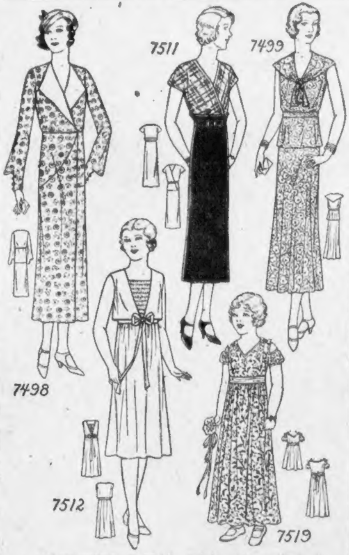
By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Frizzled Beef in Cream Sauce, Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Bananas, Cereal, Baked Bacon, Tomato Pancakes, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Stewed Figs, Fluffy Omelet, Rolls or Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Bananas with Orange or Currant Juice, Poached Eggs on Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Smoked Salmon, Corn Bread, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Sausage Balls, Grilled Sweet Potatoes, Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Graham Waffles with Honey or Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon Broiled Lamb's Kidneys, Baked Potatoes, Shredded Cabbage and Tomato Salad, Wafers, Tea.	*Luncheon* Favorite Salad, Nut Muffins, Cocoa.	*Luncheon* Italian Macaroni, Chicory Salad, Banana and Rhubarb Whip, Honey Cookies, Tea.	*Luncheon* Baked Beans in Casserole, Raisin Bread, Shredded Lettuce Salad with Mustard Pickles and Mayonnaise, Tea.	*Luncheon* Devilled Eggs, Raw Carrot, Cooked Beet, Cooked Beans and Shredded Raw Cabbage Salad with Mayonnaise Dressing, French Rolls, Doughnuts, Tea	*Luncheon* Scalloped Spinach, Baking Powder Biscuits, Baked Custard, Tea	*Dinner* Roast Lamb, Currant-Mint Sauce, Steamed Rice, Buttered Green Peas, Green Bouquet Salad, Orange Surprise.
Dinner Stuffed Meat Loaf, Brown Gravy, Steamed Rice or Spaghetti, Buttered Asparagus or Stewed Corn, Apple Pie.	*Dinner (Company)* Flank Steak in Casserole, Potato Souffle, Buttered Cauliflower or Broccoli, Canned Pear and Orange Jelly Salad with Cooked Dressing, Home Made Cheese Wafers, Half Cups Coffee.	*Dinner* Savory Lamb Chops, Parsley Potatoes, Creamed Carrots and Peas, Easter Salad, Coffee Substitute.	*Dinner* Veal Cutlets, Baked Stuffed Tomatoes and Green Peppers, Delmonico Potatoes, Apricot Babas with Fruit Sauce.	*Dinner* Finnan Haddie, Lemon Cup Garnish, Baked Potatoes, String Beans, Cornstarch with Loganberry Sauce.	*Dinner* Tomato Juice Cocktail, Vegetable and Cheese Casserole, Buttered Swiss Chard, Chocolate Marshmallow Roll.	*Supper (Company)* Jellied Crab Salad, Cooked Dressing, Graham Bread and Minced Chive Sandwiches, Tea Room Cup Cakes.

Potato Salad

SPRINKLE 1½ cups sliced or diced cold boiled potatoes with ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains paprika. Add ⅓ teaspoon onion juice, 2 tablespoons finely chopped mustard pickles, and, if desired, 1½ tablespoons finely chopped capers and 1¼ tablespoons finely chopped parsley. Omit parsley and capers unless you are sure the flavors are desired. Add 4 tablespoons salad oil and mix lightly with a fork. Add 2 tablespoons vinegar and mix lightly. Add 2 sifted hard-cooked eggs (press through potato ricer), or ½ cup flaked sardines, or ⅓ cup flaked anchovies. Chill before serving.

American Weekly Patterns



A SMART DRESS IN COAT STYLE (7498). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4⅛ yards of 39-inch material, with ½ yard of contrasting material.

A NEW AND STYLISH TWO-PIECE FROCK (7511). Designed in 4 sizes: 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 13 will require for the skirt 2⅛ yards and 1⅝ yards for the blouse of 35-inch material.

A POPULAR YOUTHFUL MODEL (7499). Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 4⅝ yards of 39-inch material.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL (7512). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 2½ yards of 39-inch material if made with bolero. Without bolero, 1⅞ yards will be required of the 32-inch material.

A QUAINT LITTLE COLONIAL FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7519). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 1¾ yards of 35-inch material if dress is made in ankle length. In shorter length, it will require 1¼ yards. The sash of ribbon will require 2¼ yards. The shoulder bows will require 1⅛ yards of narrow ribbon.

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